

The October

Leatherneck

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MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



U S M C R

1916

1947



THE DEATH OF CHARLEMAGNE

REVOLUTIONS had been flaring for four years in strife-torn Haiti. It was difficult for the battalion of Marines and the American-led Gendarmerie to control the bloodthirsty Caco bands of native guerrillas who seemed to fade into the brush every time a patrol was sent out after them.

Only the capture or death of Charlemagne Peralte, the wily leader of the Cacos, could end the futile bush warfare. Charlemagne had the financial support of wealthy Haitians, and his flaming oratory and daring raids on Marine outposts drew the admiration and loyalty of the revolutionaries.

Colonel Frederick Wise, then Commandante of the Gendarmerie, realized that subtle strategy would be imperative if the Caco leader was to be caught.

Charlemagne was reported to be operating near Grand Riviere, the district commanded by Capitaine Herman Hanneken, a sergeant of Marines. This was fortunate since the colonel had decided that Hanneken was the man to capture the renegade. The capitaine was an excellent choice; he was familiar with the surrounding terrain and spoke the native language as well as the hill people.

Hanneken plotted an inside job, and fearing the rapidity with which the Haitian grapevine functioned, he entrusted only a few reliable intimates with the details of his plan.

On a dark midnight a highly respected citizen of Grand Riviere, named Conzee, held a rendezvous with him. The two bargained. For \$2000 in gold the Haitian promised to join the Cacos and make it possible for Hanneken to capture Charlemagne.

The next morning the town of Grand Riviere was astounded with the news that Conzee had gone into the hills to join Charlemagne, taking with him Capitaine Hanneken's prized pearl-handled revolver, and accompanied by Jean Francois, an alleged deserter from the Gendarmerie.

Sympathizers, attracted by his stores of arms, food and rum, flocked to join Conzee. The deserter Francois, having become Charlemagne's clerk, was in a position to direct the attention of his chief to the raids which were being made on local villages by Conzee's band. Things were going well. Conzee built a fort called Capois to the east of the river and dared Hanneken to come and get him.

In a pseudo attack of gendarmes, led by Capitaine Hanneken and Gendarme Lieutenant Button, a Marine corporal, Conzee's Cacos won a great victory. Hanneken gave a convincing performance when he led the retreat back to town. Apparently he had been wounded in the battle, but no one suspected that the sling in which he carried his injured arm had been stained with ink.

For weeks the capitaine was in disgrace. The natives turned their heads whenever he passed and none of the Marines would speak to him. The news of Hanneken's defeat reached Charlemagne and he demonstrated his approval by writing to Conzee, commissioning him as a general and promising that he would personally visit Capois.

One night Conzee crept in close to town and conferred with Hanneken. It was decided that Hanneken would call upon the Marines for reinforcements, then slip out of the town with his gendarmes. Across the river he would be met by the supposed deserter Francois who would guide him to Charlemagne.

On the night of October 31, the Marines set up defenses on the city walls. Hanneken and Button took ten gendarmes to a place called Mazaire. Here the small group changed from their uniforms to the rags and tatters of Cacos. The two white men stained their hair and bodies with a potion obtained from a Mamaloi voodoo priestess.

The signal for the attack, three shots, cracked outside of the town. Conzee's men, believing this was the real thing, charged into the fire of the Marines' Lewis guns. In the darkness a hand touched Hanneken's arm. It was Jean Francois. Charlemagne had decided not to come into Capois but was camped on a hill near the fort.

The whole project which had taken Hanneken four long months to shape, threatened to fall apart. An immediate decision was necessary. Led by Francois, posing as the leader, the group started for Charlemagne's camp. Four of the outposts offered no resistance. At the last outpost of Charlemagne's bodyguard, Francois nodded toward a figure by a dimly glowing campfire and whispered to Hanneken: "He is there, Mon Capitaine."

The towering Caco guard was not quite satisfied with the sound of the password. Then he noticed the Browning Automatic rifle which Button carried.

"Where you get that pretty gun?" he asked.

Hanneken pulled his two pistols from their holsters, leaped forward, and shot Charlemagne. Button fired the BAR, cutting down the bodyguard. Rifles flashed as Hanneken reached the renegade's body and hid it behind some rocks. The leaderless Cacos immediately retreated into the heavy brush.

At dawn Hanneken and Button regrouped their gendarmes. The body of Charlemagne was loaded onto the back of a burro and they began the trek back to Grand Riviere. The body was paraded through the streets and word passed quickly throughout the country that Charlemagne Peralte was dead. The backbone of the revolution had been broken.

The Caco leader was identified officially by the archbishop who had known him personally and his body was buried by the Marines under the concrete entrance to the Headquarters of the Department of the North. Sentries were posted so that the bones could not be dug up and used for voodoo.

Hanneken was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps and both he and Button later received the Congressional Medal of Honor from the hands of the President in Washington. The Republic of Haiti awarded them the Medaille Militaire. Conzee and Francois received the reward paid by the Haitian government and walked in the reflected glory of the legend that was Charlemagne Peralte.

SGT. EDWARD J. EVANS

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THE LEATHERNECK, OCTOBER, 1947

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 10

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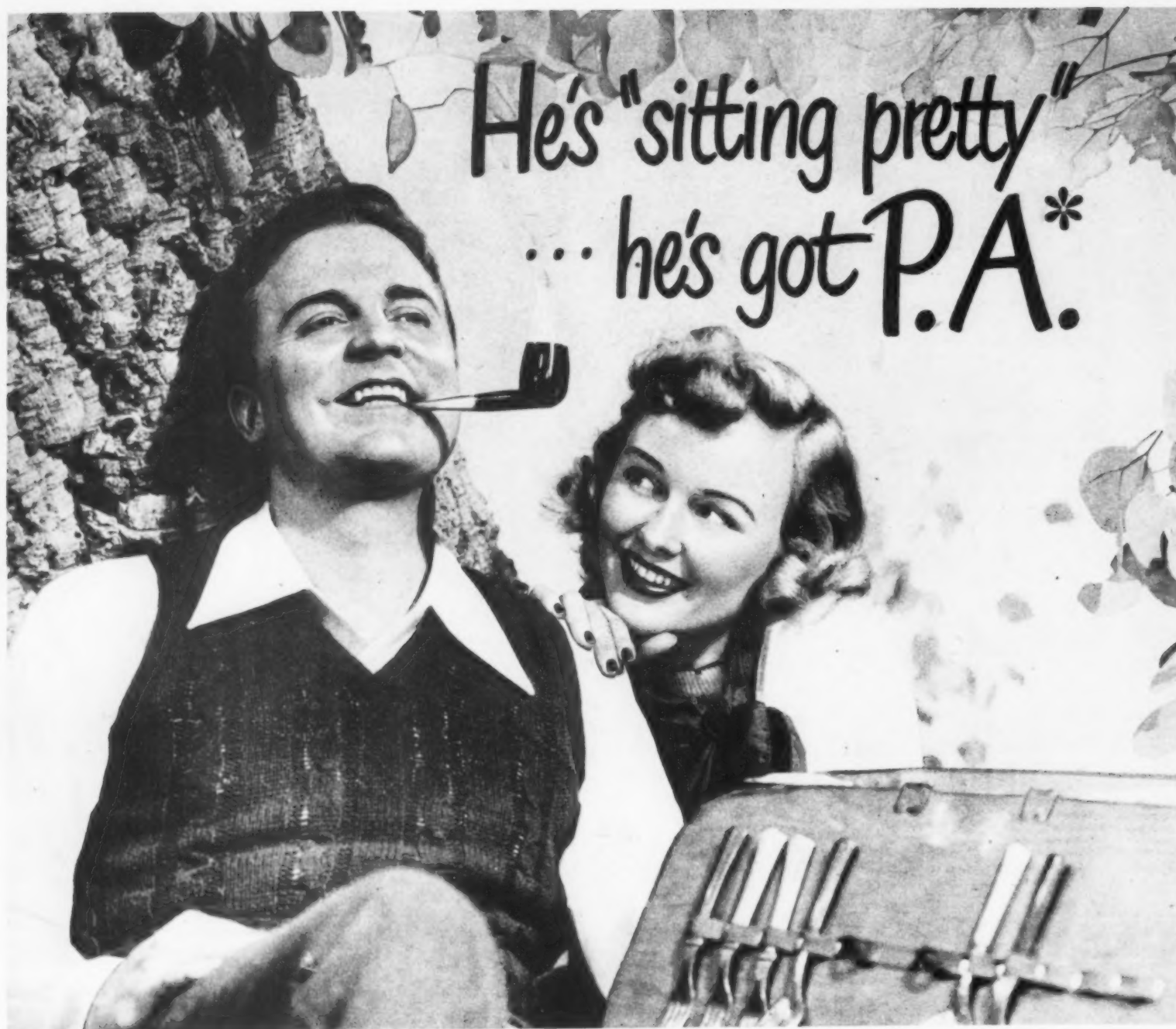
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RESERVE POWER

**Since 1916 the Marine Reservist
has supplied added power in war**

by Sgt. Edward J. Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE very existence of the United States may one day depend upon the ability of its Marine Corps to act swiftly in providing the Fleet with a highly mobile, well-trained amphibious force, literally at the drop of a bomb. Since the Corps' chief mission in life requires a steady supply of manpower, the role of its growing Reserve looms as important now as it did in the fighting days of World War II.

By its performance in past emergencies the Reserve has established for itself, in and out of the Corps, a reputation of which other similar emergency military organizations might well be proud. Ever since its inception in 1916, during World War I, it has weathered difficulties of both an economic and political nature. For World War II it became part and parcel of the Corps and with the regulars, chalked up a combat record that is well known to this postwar world. Reserves made up 69.5 per cent of the total Corps which, at its peak, numbered more than 500,000 officers and men.

Today the Reserve is making rapid advances in reorganization toward its goal of 27,000 officers and 101,000 enlisted personnel. As of this writing, 39 battalions and separate companies of the organized

Ground Reserve had been activated, with 32 squadrons of organized Aviation Reserve in operating condition.

The present Reserve program covers four classes, providing opportunities greater than ever before to men and women who wish to serve with the Marines while following civilian occupations. Men without previous military service must be between the ages of 17 and 32. Older men, who have military background, are accepted under special regulations.

The four types of Reserves are the Organized, Volunteer, Women's and Fleet Reserve.

Enlistments in the Organized and Volunteer Reserves are open to all men, regardless of prior service, who otherwise meet the high requirements. Veterans will be enlisted with the rank they held at the time of discharge. The Organized Reserve is the ready force, uniformed and paid for weekly drills and 15-day summer training periods. Those who are unable to participate in the activities of an organized unit may enlist in the Volunteer Reserve. Members of this class are not required to attend drills, but may volunteer for summer training or assignment to Marine Corps Schools. They are paid only while on active duty and may not be called up in time of peace except by their own request.

At present, the Women's Reserve consists of an active duty group of 166 still serving at Marine Corps Headquarters, and inactive volunteers who have had wartime service in the WR. Until the passage of legislation permitting the activation of a Women's Organized Reserve, the formation of volunteer training units (VTU) is permitted. These consist of 10 or more officers and enlisted women who serve with pay in their spare time, assisting Corps activities in their communities. VTU's have formed in Seattle, New York, Boston, Kansas City, Baltimore, Atlanta, and Washington, D. C. The proposed Women's Organized Reserve would be open to women from 20 to 32, with the upper limit extended for those with previous service.



Members of the Women's Reserve have been forming volunteer training units to assist the men in the organized Reserve and keep up on their skill gained on active duty; they enjoy it too

Plans call for 700 officers and 1800 enlisted women divided into 15 units of 10 officers and 235 enlisted women each. They drill with pay two hours a week, but attend no summer camp.

The Fleet Marine Corps Reserve consists only of those men who have served 16 or more years in the regular Marine Corps and have been transferred to the Reserve on part pay to await full retirement at the end of 30 years.

All members of the Reserve are credited with time served for longevity pay purposes when on active duty, and a Reserve Retirement Bill is now awaiting legislative action. All classes of Reservists are entitled to the educational facilities of Marine Corps Schools and the Marine Corps Institute. Commissions are open to members of the Reserve via the reserve quota for Annapolis and the Platoon Leaders classes at Quantico. Post Exchange facilities are available to Reservists.

All classes of the Marine Reserve are under the direction of Brigadier General William T. Clement at Marine Corps Headquarters.

The Organized Reserve ground force has been authorized an ultimate strength of 1000 officers and 25,000 enlisted men serving in infantry, artillery, engineer, tank, amphibian tractor and signal units. These are being activated and fitted out with the latest in weapons and equipment just as fast as recruiting can supply the personnel. This fall, Headquarters is stepping up its efforts to push a Reserve building program which, like everything military, has been feeling the drag of the public's postwar apathy. By mid-summer, when the first training encampments were getting started, the total Organized Reserve (OR) enrollment stood at around 5000.

Many an OR ground unit has established an indoor range for small bore rifle and pistol practice. Training programs are including the latest know-how on tactics and weapons, taught by regular NCO's who received their experience on the battlefield. Approximately 75 per cent of OR men are non-veterans, youthful civilians who are starting from scratch. Because of this, advanced subjects such as those dealing with rocket launchers, recoilless guns and demolitions, are being introduced slowly. The opening stages of instruction are similar to that given in boot training, without the attendant physical rigors.

In the event of a national emergency, members of the OR will not be sent to boot camp. They would be the first to fight, as were their predecessors on Guadalcanal. They would be integrated with nuclei of regulars to form the first overseas divisions. Preparation for their job will have been made on the fields of Lejeune, Pendleton and Quantico, and in the Reserve armories.

The Organized and Volunteer Reserve (VR) have aviation as well as ground units. Reserve aviation is headquartered at the naval air station in Glenview, Ill. Brigadier General Christian F. Schilt is the commanding officer. The Organized Reserve's peacetime force has been set at 1080 pilot officers, 360 ground officers and 4576 enlisted men. To support and supervise the administration and maintenance of the OR squadrons, 21 Marine air detachments have been formed, their personnel on full-time active duty as members of administrative, engineering and operations staffs.

Each detachment handles the operations of one

or more of the authorized 24 fighter squadrons and eight ground-control interceptor squadrons (formerly known as air warning squadrons). The Reserve organizations usually share facilities with units of the Naval Aviation Reserve. Drill periods are so arranged, that half of each squadron assembles every two weeks and in one day is given a period of time equalling three drill periods.

Aviation units must follow a highly concentrated training schedule during the year to prepare ground crews and pilots for the extensive activities of summer maneuvers at Cherry Point and El Toro. Until aerial gunnery ranges are available, Reserve pilots will have to substitute photo gunnery for field targets. A great deal of space is needed for ranges that, big enough for the operation of modern planes, would still be safe for nearby residents. Carrier landing drill is limited at present, too. This requires special types of fields which have not been obtained as of this writing. But all Reserve pilots will become qualified in carrier landing as soon as possible. So far, Aviation Reserve plans call only for the training of pursuit pilots, although the formation of transport units is one of the program's future objectives.

Reserve fliers, some whom were with the Army and others who have been flying transports, are receiving year-around ground-school instruction, including sessions with the Link trainer, weather study, and supplemental practicing in gunnery and rocket-firing.

The Reservist can be called to active duty in times of peace only with his permission. He has the right to be discharged at his own request at any time when an emergency is not in effect. He can be mobilized only by the Secretary of the Navy at the direction of the President. Insofar as TO's permit, enlisted OR people are given their last wartime rating when they enlist. It's a matter of first come, first served. If two former master sergeants join a unit whose TO calls for just one, the first gets it; the second must take the next best billet. On M-Day, when Reservists would be integrated with the regulars, they would retain their Reserve ratings.

The Marine Corps Reserve came into being by Act of Congress on August 29, 1916. The successful move to create it was fathered by Major General George Barnett following his becoming Commandant in 1914. World War I was on but the *Lusitania* had not yet been sunk and the American people were

still lending a willing ear to the peaceful assurances of President Wilson. The predicament of the Marine Corps was of little more interest to them than that of the Allies in Europe. The predicament then, as now, was too few men.

Gen. Barnett faced the problem of enlarging an overworked Marine Corps that consisted of 9888 enlisted men and 341 officers. At this time, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, was working to have a Navy Reserve established, and the two leaders joined forces to accomplish their similar goals.

Secretary Daniels got what he wanted first. Congress passed the Naval Reserve Act in 1915. The new law paved the way for parallel action in behalf of the Marine Corps' projected Reserve program. The Commandant appeared before Congress and requested an increase of 60 officers and 1400 enlisted men on the grounds that the size of the Corps was too small to properly carry out every one of its many and varied functions. His 10,000 men (a figure representing a fiftieth of the World War II Corps) were scattered over the globe as ship's companies, fixed defense forces, expeditionary forces, and guard and training details.

To clinch his case, Gen. Barnett reminded the Congressmen they had recently given the Navy a reserve. Congress acted, cutting the Marine Reserve from the Navy's pattern.

At first the Reserve was open only to regulars who were awaiting final retirement and to men who were willing to volunteer for guard duty in the States as Class IV. When the U. S. entered the war the Reserve was still ridiculously small. It boasted 36 men. Within a few days the rolls were opened to applicants for general duty. Enlistments for the duration began to fill out the Marines' ranks.

The infant Reserve grew prodigiously, attaining the unheard-of size of 75,000 officers and men before the Armistice. It took just 18 months. The first women Marines were organized as the Marinettes, but this effort at establishing a feminine branch was puny by comparison to the later day building of the WR's. There were only 269 Marinettes, and these were quickly disbanded.

The accomplishments of the Reservists under fire firmly established them as Marines in every sense of the word. They saw much action and were not, as was the case with the Army, in units made up entirely of their own class. Reserves fought by the side of, and as, regulars, in the same platoons and companies. No differentiation was made in either assignment to duty or reward for valor.

Then postwar demobilization struck and soon had completely demolished the Reserve. Everyone wanted to get out of uniform as quickly as possible. All things military were debunked in the "Farewell To Arms" thinking of the times. Most of the non-regulars were transferred to the inactive list, but there was no program of training to keep them interested, and by 1924 the Marine Reserve existed only on a few sheets of yellowing paper bearing the names and addresses of a small group who had not given up hope entirely.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE Districts



Reserve Districts not shown on map are: 10th at San Juan, Puerto Rico; 13th includes Alaska; 14th at Pearl Harbor; and 15th at Coco Solo, CZ.



At Marine Air Reserve Training Command, Glenview, Illinois, an F4U gets a complete check-off by members of the ground crew as they prepare for a test flight before flying to Cherry Point

The regular Corps was slowly being reduced with every new cut in its budget. Various means were employed in an attempt to arouse public interest. Gettysburg and other Civil War battles were re-enacted, with doubtful results. It was then that General Smedley Butler discovered Marines could get more publicity as athletes. A comprehensive sports program was launched—a program, incidentally, that the Navy Department grumpily looked upon as “damned foolishness,” to quote one commentator.

As the first World War receded and the national picture began to build up to the boom years of the late Twenties, the antipathy toward things military receded, too. It was the era of good times, bathtub gin, easy money, and gang war. With a crime wave sweeping the nation, Congress took a new interest in the Marine Reserve, chiefly because at that time regular Marines were being used quite extensively for the guarding of train mail. This left a shortage for regular guard duty and it was felt that a volunteer relief organization was necessary. The Reserve was revived in February, 1925, as the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve and Volunteer Reserve.

Three companies were authorized for Brooklyn, Saginaw, Mich., and Los Angeles. Reserve officers—veterans of World War I—did their own recruiting, and soon other companies were springing up all over the nation. The first summer training period was held at Quantico in 1926.

Civil war flared anew in China and Nicaragua. Major General John A. Lejeune, as Commandant, set a goal of 10,000 for the Reserve and within the next five years this was not only attained, but passed. The first Reserve aviation units were authorized in 1928 and in 1931 the first squadrons were established at New York, Boston and Seattle.

The depression struck the Reserve as it did everything else. This was the second seriously low period in the between-the-wars years. In 1932, funds were slashed all down the line and General Douglas MacArthur, then Army chief of staff, moved to abolish the entire Corps. President Hoover drew up an order that would have effected the transfer of the Corps bodily to the Army, but an irate public intervened with a storm of protesting letters to Congress and the whole thing was dropped.

But the Reservists had to serve now without pay. During the lush days the Reserve had become so popular that, for the only time in its history, there had been more volunteers than there was money with which to pay them. Major Ben Fuller, then Commandant, devised a plan whereby those eager enough to become Marine Reserves could join up, with the understanding that they would drill without pay. Only summer uniforms, minus field shoes, were available for them, and they were nicknamed, the Barefoot companies, or Type B.

During the lean years of the early Thirties all Reserve units became Type B. Many members hung on, without remuneration, without equipment and even without any new issues of any part of the uniform. They stuck “for the hell of it” and paid their own expenses. Such was *their esprit de corps*.

At one point the Reserve numbered not many over 8000 men who were paid only for their summer period in camp.

In 1933, when Hitler was assuming power in

Germany and Franklin D. Roosevelt, World War I Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was serving as President, the Marine Corps mustered 15,000 men and the Fleet Marine Force had been organized. The Corps was beginning to take on its present-day appearance. The following year the First Base Defense Artillery Battalion was organized and the First Brigade was withdrawn from Haiti. The first class of college students was graduated from the new Platoon Leaders school at Quantico.

When the Reserve was returned to a drill-pay basis in 1936 enlistments jumped from 8000 to 10,000. The Corps had grown to 16,500. Agression was on the march in Europe and Asia. Spain was embroiled in civil war. As Major General Thomas Holcomb became Commandant, the Japanese were taking the outer limits of Shanghai and the nation was stirring at the news that the gunboat *Panay* had been sunk in the Yangtse river by Japanese who were scarcely repentant.

At the outbreak of the second World War in Poland, the regulars numbered 17,500 and the Reserves more than 16,000. Commandant Holcomb went before Congress.

“The mission assigned to the Marine Corps,” he declared, “requires a force that is in an immediate state of readiness. The very essence of that mission is mobility and calls for a force prepared to take the field much sooner than the slower process of mobilizing our resources and manpower will allow.”

Congress approved funds sufficient only to bring the Corps to 18,000 enlisted and 1354 officers. This was still short of the 27,500 permissible under the rule that the Corps may constitute five percent of the Navy.

When a state of national emergency was declared to exist in 1940, general mobilization orders were issued to Organized Reserve battalions, and by the end of June, 1941, all classes of Reservists had been called to active duty. The Corps swelled to 25,000 men and 1568 officers, the highest since World War I. For the duration the Reserve would be part of a Marine Corps that was now preparing as rapidly as possible for any eventuality. Battalions and regiments were being rushed to Iceland, Alaska, Samoa, the Philippines, Midway and Wake. The two FMF brigades were building into the First and Second Divisions, the First at Lejeune and the Second at Elliott.

The Corps grew by leaps and bounds. The First Division, made up largely of Reservists, took up the offensive at Guadalcanal and began the rolling back of the Japanese perimeter. Older men—“retreads”—were volunteering for the revived Class IV, and women were sought to relieve at Stateside posts young men who were needed for fighting. Hundreds of the old-timers were former Marines willing to stand guard duty again. Many of them felt young enough and moved heaven and earth to be re-classified for overseas duty.

Today, the men who served in China and fought the Banana Wars are retiring. The present regulars are largely youths who helped win World War II. Theirs will be the job of training volunteers who, preferring civilian life in peacetime, are willing to stand by as a force ready to keep the U. S. strong enough to give pause to any who would start World War III.

Marine Corps Organized Reserve units and their present locations:

INFANTRY BATTALIONS

- 1ST—NEW YORK CITY (“D” CO.—DOVER, N. J.)
- 2ND—BOSTON, MASS.
- 3RD—ST. LOUIS, MO.
- 4TH—MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
- 5TH—WASHINGTON, D. C. (“D” CO.—CUMBERLAND, MD.)
- 6TH—PHILADELPHIA, PA.
- 7TH—CLEVELAND, OHIO
- 8TH—TOLEDO, OHIO
- 9TH—CHICAGO, ILL.
- 10TH—NEW ORLEANS, LA.
- 11TH—SEATTLE, WASH.
- 12TH—SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
- 13TH—LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
- 14TH—HOUSTON, TEX.
- 15TH—GALVESTON, TEX.
- 16TH—INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
- 17TH—DETROIT, MICH.
- 18TH—OMAHA, NEB.
- 19TH—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

HOWITZER BATTALIONS

- 1ST 105-mm.—RICHMOND, VA.
- 2ND 105-mm.—LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
- 3RD 105-mm.—ATLANTA, GA.
- 4TH 105-mm.—PORTLAND, ORE.
- 5TH 105-mm.—KANSAS CITY, KAN.
- 1ST 155-mm.—PHILADELPHIA, PA.
- 2ND 155-mm.—DALLAS, TEXAS.

ENGINEER BATTALIONS

- 11TH—BALTIMORE, MD.

ENGINEER COMPANIES

- 15TH—BOSTON, MASS.
- 16TH—ROANOKE, VA.
- 17TH—PORTLAND, ORE.
- 18TH—PORTLAND, ME.
- 20TH—CHARLESTON, W. VA.

TANK BATTALIONS

- 11TH—SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

SIGNAL COMPANIES

- 13TH—PHILADELPHIA, PA.
- 14TH—NEW YORK CITY

AMTRAC BATTALIONS

- 11TH—LITTLE CREEK, VA.
- 12TH—SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

FIGHTER SQUADRONS

- 112—DALLAS, TEXAS
- 121—GLENVIEW, ILL.
- 123—LOS ALAMITOS, CALIF.
- 124—MEMPHIS, TENN.
- 132—NEW YORK, N. Y.
- 141—OAKLAND, CALIF.
- 142—MIAMI, CALIF.
- 143—NEW ORLEANS, LA.
- 144—JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
- 213—MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
- 215—OLATHE, KAN.
- 216—SEATTLE, WASH.
- 217—SQUANTUM, MASS.
- 221—ST. LOUIS, MO.
- 233—NORFOLK, VA.
- 234—MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
- 235—SQUANTUM, MASS.
- 236—DENVER, COLO.
- 241—LOS ALAMITOS, CALIF.
- 244—COLUMBUS, OHIO
- 251—GROSSE ILE, MICH.
- 321—ANACOSTIA, D. C.
- 351—ATLANTA, GA.
- 451—WILLOW GROVE, PA.

INTERCEPTOR SQUADRONS

- 15—ATLANTA, GA.
- 16—MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
- 17—WILLOW GROVE, PA.
- 18—LOS ALAMITOS, CALIF.
- 19—GROSSE ILE, MICH.
- 20—DALLAS, TEXAS
- 21—SQUANTUM, MASS.

END



Pre-fabricated Tun Tavern was bolted together like stage scenery and completed in 12 hours



Marching exhibitions of the Marine drill team from the USS Valley Forge stopped the show



Reserve Marines demonstrated the operation of 155-mm. howitzers for the curious public

The long-gone birthplace of the

Corps was resurrected in

replica by Philadelphia Reserves

Photos by Sgt. Jack Slockbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Tun Tavern Revival

IN the fall of 1775, when the American colonies were fighting the British for their freedom, John Adams got up in the Continental Congress and warned that the Americans direly needed a force to "go in and seek the enemy out." George Washington backed him up and the Congress decided to establish two battalions of men to serve as an auxiliary force to the Continental Navy.

The physical birth of the Marines took place at a two-story wooden hostelry on Philadelphia's east side; a place called Tun Tavern. There the first commandant, Captain Samuel Nicholas, talked to curbstome crowds about the new service, and Robert Mullan, the tavern proprietor, swore in all comers.

Nothing remains today of Tun Tavern except a bronze plaque at Delaware Avenue and Water Street in Philadelphia, marking its site. But conditions in this Atomic Age are somewhat similar to those of Mullan's day. There has been the struggle in Congress between those who would and those who would not build a stronger military than we now have. The Marine Corps is in the fight, trying to form a large and competent Reserve.

The story of Tun Tavern and a campaign for more Reserves were combined at the 1947 Independence Day celebration in Philadelphia, when two Reserve units of Marines constructed a pre-fabricated replica of Tun Tavern and attempted to spread their gospel. More than 800,000 persons crowded into beautiful Fairmount park and, attracted to the temporary tavern with its displays of uniforms and weapons, exposed themselves to this particular public relations effort on the part of the Marines.

The two Reserve units were the 6th Infantry Battalion and the 1st Howitzer Battalion. The Marine detachment from the carrier *Valley Forge* was there, absenting itself briefly from the open-house ceremonies conducted over the holiday weekend on the flattop in joint observance of Independence Day and the bicentennial of the birth of John Paul Jones. More than 400 Navy vessels in East, West and Gulf ports took part in the double celebration.

by PFC MICHAEL GOULD

ESPRIT DE CAMP



From skyscrapered metropolis and rolling farmland came Marine Reservists with shouldered seabags

by Sgt. Edward J. Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Corp. William Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

IT was 0730, Eastern Standard time, when New York's 1st Infantry Reserve Battalion disembarked from the train on Sunday, August 20, at the old Tent Camp within the reservation of Camp Lejeune. Other troop trains arrived at varied intervals throughout the day and night bringing Boston's 2nd Infantry Battalion and 15th Engineer Company, St. Louis' 3rd Infantry Battalion, New Orleans' 10th Infantry Battalion, and Detroit's 17th Infantry Battalion to the first post-war Marine Corps Reserve summer training period.

These units were the most advanced of the Organized Reserve and were getting a head start on their field work. They had traveled from their home armories with only the most necessary equipment. More than 75 per cent of them were youngsters just barely past the 17-year-old age minimum. Razors were scarce among them.

Their introduction to Tent Camp, now built up with long rows of Quonset huts and other permanent structures, was made in a flurry of assignments to quarters and details. Boots and salts alike were pitched into an intensive training schedule that left most of them exhausted at the end of each day.

Instruction and training of these first units was to serve as

a guide for succeeding periods at Lejeune, Pendleton, Quantico, Cherry Point and El Toro. Reserve officers and non-commissioned officers were required to attend refresher classes, while instructors from regular units took over the education of Reserve platoons.

To the observer, the first summer encampment had all the earmarks of a modified boot camp. It had to be. The majority of the men were without previous military training and there were many rough spots to be smoothed out. But this would probably be the only time Reservists would go through such an intensified peacetime program. Next year, and thereafter, the Reserves will plan and carry out their own training, which will become more advanced as experience is gained and older hands are more fully indoctrinated.

At Lejeune, where these pictures were taken, the two-week camping periods were filled with a concentration of field problems, firing on the range, demonstrations of equipment, the inevitable drills and parades. Here and elsewhere in the Reserve during July and August there was a noticeable lack of polish, but the hard-voiced drill instructors from the ranks of the regulars produced enough spirit to do for a start.

END

TURN PAGE 7

ESPRIT DE CAMP (cont.)



Tent Camp as the Reservists saw it at Camp Lejeune was not much like the camp the First Marine Division knew when it trained there. All of

the tents and wooden shacks have been replaced by Quonset huts with concrete decks to keep out the water from constant Carolina downpours

Private Kenneth Emmons, smallest man in the 1st Infantry, appeals to Corporals Walter Haase and Leo Rose for help in assembling his M-1 rifle

Close order drill was a bit confusing to the new Marines, especially when they had to cope with "Reep Ho—Reep Ho" in first days at camp



In high spirits the new Marine Corps Re



Bandmaster Angelo De Paola and his musicians of the 2nd Infantry Band are mighty proud of the distinction of being the first Reserve Band

and demonstrated their skill many times during the training period. A band is authorized for each battalion and will get dress uniforms

Reservists were initiated into the chores of cleaning cosmoline from new rifles on the first day in camp; they fired them three days later

Learning to group their shots was the most important part of rifle instruction and the Reservists studied score books after each relay



Reserve opened summer training camps

by PFC Paul W. Hicks, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ONE of the oldest American institutions, drawing more paid customers per annum than baseball, the hot dog, and the movies combined, is the racket. During the period between World Wars I and II, rackets flourished in every city in the U. S., and often were found holed up in the back country as well. The products of racketeering ingenuity were peddled to gullible John Q. in an endless succession of Brooklyn Bridges, talks with the dead, and sure cures for all the ills of man.

When America entered the most recent world war, racketeers and chisellers were presented with a gold mine the likes of which hadn't been seen since Sutter's Mill. They had a field day, and servicemen and their families were the prime targets. "Welcome mate" became a password to the greatest shake-down in history. It was a natural.

To list every racket which fleeced the uniformed lamb would be impossible. Too many of the victims never even missed their fur, or wouldn't admit it if they had. But a sufficient number of cases on record indicate the ease with which the faithful were parted from their greenstuff, and in some instances, where

men died because of racketeering industrialists.

The lineup of camouflaged larceny includes shake-downs on allotment benefits, vice, impersonations, production rackets, charity rackets, gift packages, sidewalk photos, and profit-mad hotel and rooming-house owners. Spiritualists and mediums came in for a big helping too. One of these clever folk claimed to be in cahoots with the CO of a ghostly legion of servicemen in Valhalla. It was that far-fetched. She arranged for "seances" between dead fighting men and living relatives — and made a fortune.

For years, confidence men have capitalized on the gullibility of the American people at large. In the past, continental smoothies flocked to our shores, and seldom went away with holes in their shoes. But the home-grown brand, which operated in this country during the war, rivalled any of them for guile, lack of scruples, and profits. Their ranks varied from the juvenile delinquent class to skilled, experienced con men with prison records and pasts as shady as the bottom of a well. Some worked alone, others paired off, and many operated as closely knit groups, systematically rooking one section of the country after another.

Small towns and hamlets adjacent to large military and naval installations were ripe fruit, waiting



the shakedown

**Itchy palms and racketeers
were a dime a dozen
during the war. Servicemen
took it on the chin**

to be plucked by the racketeers. There, a maximum of suckers and a minimum of legitimate entertainment combined to pave a dollar-lined easy street for anyone with a sharp head and an itchy palm. There were plenty of these, and the heads didn't have to be too sharp.

Many of the larger military bases in this country were situated far from cities. As a result, tiny hamlets which had slept peacefully for years were transformed overnight into boom towns, teeming with restless men whose only need was entertainment. Some of the methods by which that cash was lifted would put Jay Gould to shame.

One of the biggest items was the rental of rooms. The owners of hostleries were, before the war, sleepy citizens of sleepy towns. But when those towns became the focal point for thousands of servicemen, the owners shed the lassitude, and unlike some of the prewar racketeers, they got away with fiscal murder. Cheap, dirty hotel rooms which had brought only a dollar a day, suddenly became valuable abodes, commanding as much as eight or ten dollars a day. Property owners who converted damp, smelly basements, attics, and cubbyholes over garages into living quarters, demanded and got up to \$100 per month from uniformed tenants. Thousands of war wives who tried to live near the camps and bases were victims. They paid, and through the nose, for those brief days of married life before loved ones

were taken to war, and often death. For many of them it was all they would ever know.

The serviceman on the street was even more vulnerable. No matter where he might stop to look, eat, or drink, that "Welcome Mate" spirit met him at the door. Food prices skyrocketed, in many cases far beyond OPA limits. A fifth of whisky was likely to cost him half a month's pay. Sharpies were always ducking out of alleyways, offering "ration free" bathtub gin to the boys.

"We understand what you're up against," they'd say. "This won't cost you a single ration stamp."

They were so kind.

One of the hardest working chisellers was the sidewalk photographer. A group of servicemen walking down main street, if the town had one, were constantly snapped by these ambulatory hawks, and received a large, inviting coupon reading:

FREE!! FREE!! FREE!!
ONE PICTURE ABSOLUTELY FREE!!
SEND IT HOME TO THE FOLKS!!

Enlargements, miniatures, tinting; nominal extra fee.

Those who bit inevitably ended up with enough pictures to keep a girl's dormitory happy. Before the customer left the studio, that nominal extra charge had grown to unexpected proportions. In many of these setups the customer gave his home address as part of the "bargain," and without his knowledge prints were sent home to the folks. If the serviceman didn't bite, his folks could be counted on for at least one or two fuzzy, poorly focused, amateurish "portraits" of their pride and joy. It was a good racket.

"The Vice-man Cometh" could appropriately be the label for another of the lucrative, but somewhat shady goings on which have been associated with wars from time immemorial, but which graduated into the million dollar class during the late conflict. As long as there have been wars, there have been camp followers, ladies of no question who devote themselves to providing the sensual inadequacies of the military life. They have always been an incumbrance and a burden to military authorities who were training young men to fight.

The Second World War saw an unprecedented number of men in uniform, and a great number of them were put out of action by camp followers, who took their health as well as their money. The problem has been and is, a touchy one, and the fault is not solely with these women who spread disease. They require a certain modicum of cooperation.

When the country was first caught in the turmoil of military expansion, when camps and bases were going up with incredible speed, the vice racketeers were building too. Small, tinhorn operators were suddenly faced with a new demand, and their filthy businesses doubled and trebled overnight. It was almost impossible to travel within a reasonable distance from a military base or camp and not find somebody dispensing vice. Venereal disease rates soared, and stayed high for the remainder of the war. Thousands of men were temporarily put out of commission, and some unfortunates sacrificed their entire future.

None of the war's sideline battles was more important than the fight against VD. In the thick of it were the military authorities, medical science, local police officials, and the FBI. They did great work, but still the casualties rolled in. Ruthless white slavers transported women across state lines, or half the country. They boasted bogus bills of "health," and concentrated on small towns near camps. Massage parlors, dance halls, and juke joints were camouflaged dens that did a land-office business around the clock.

Although much of the success of the rackets has been credited to members of the weaker sex, who preyed upon gullible servicemen, the war developed one new type of chiseler, whose activities sometimes were as spectacular and humorous as they were

costly to his victims. He was the impersonator who illegally donned the uniform of the armed services, usually, complete with numerous decorations, and cashed in on bogus deeds of heroism. Some of the cases investigated by the FBI were little short of fantastic.

One 14-year-old from Wichita Falls, Tex., chose the Marine Corps. He had become impatient with the dry routine of high school and decided that the role of a war hero was more suitable. Decking himself out as a Marine sergeant he went to nearby Shepard Field, to impress some of his friends at the base. While there he was spotted by authorities, who, skeptical of his combination of extreme youth and sergeant's stripes, took him into custody. He was questioned by agents of the FBI, to whom he admitted his impersonation. They turned him over to juvenile authorities, and a short time later he was released on probation.

Following this minor brush with the law, the youth obtained employment in a Wichita Falls dime store. That didn't last long. He completely disrupted the working habits of fellow employees with a constant snow job about his alleged exploits with the First Division at Guadalcanal. Claiming that he personally dispatched 29 Japs, by the bowie-knife and piano-wire method, he demonstrated the latter technique upon the necks of co-employees, thoroughly convincing them of his ability. He was fired after a few of these demonstrations.

Next he went to Holliday, Tex., where he became friendly with a genuine Marine. The impersonator decided the U. S. Marine role had been played out, and changed to that of a British Royal Marine sergeant, acquiring the alias "Sergeant Bob Royce." Adopting a disarming British accent, "Royce" claimed he had attended Eton, and that his father was an official in Scotland Yard. He related numerous stories of English school life and was much sought after by the citizens of Holliday as a guest. His accounts of fictitious experiences in the North African campaign were the talk of the sleepy Texas town. He clinched his story by driving a car on the left side of the road. Just before colliding with another automobile, he would swing back to the right side and exclaim, with a show of annoyance, "Oh, how deucedly stupid of me, old boy."

Since the youth let it be known generally that he was an expert in judo tactics, and was en route to San Diego to teach that gentle art to American Marines, he was invited to lecture at the Holliday high school. Witnesses were convinced that "Royce" was a bona-fide English Marine—because of his accent, mannerisms, and great skill in disarming tactics. He could take a weapon away from a student in a flash, and leave him completely helpless. Not all the teachers at the school were as credulous as the



students, however, and one of them, suspecting a dodge, called in the FBI.

When a special agent arrived at the school, "Royce" was actually making one of his speeches. He was allowed to finish, and then taken into custody again. This time he drew a federal prison term.

One of the most spectacular of all impersonation cases involved a young Canadian deserter from the RCAF, who illegally entered the U. S. on several occasions, blazing a trail of sharp activities from coast to coast. During the course of his shenanigans he developed the aliases: Ralph Hazleton, Brigadier General J. Thompson, Major J. Thompson, Lieutenant Colonel J. Atkins, Lord George Atkins, Wing Commander J. R. Atkins, Jimmy Peterson, Lieutenant Commander J. H. Kelly, W. T. White, and Colonel J. Harris. His name originally was James R. Atkins.

Atkins first came to the U. S. in December, 1943, AWOL from the RCAF. After the Christmas holi-

days, he posed as a flight lieutenant, bummed a ticket to Chicago from an American serviceman, and proceeded from there to St. Louis. There he requested, and received, transportation to Denver, Col., on an ATC plane, claiming priority on a "special mission." From Denver he proceeded by train to Los Angeles, where he registered at the Hollywood Guild Officer's club as Flight Lieutenant Atkins. Then, noting the importance of nobility, as represented by the various nations' armed services in Hollywood, he decided to elevate his own position. He became Lord George from Rode, South Africa.

"Lord George" was taken on a tour of several studios and entertained by various movie notables, to whom he narrated stories of great air battles, claiming to have shot down 19 German planes in North Africa, and to have been wounded in the stomach. He displayed an appendectomy scar to



prove it. The movie people were thoroughly snowed.

While visiting the movie studios, Atkins, as Lord George, was shown the medals of numerous countries, which were used as props in the wardrobe department. Several days later he appeared wearing the Victoria Cross; the Distinguished Service Order Ribbon, the Air Force Medal, and the DFC.

Early in March, 1944, Atkins was apprehended and deported to Canada. A year later he reentered the U. S., in the uniform of a lieutenant commander in the Royal Canadian Navy, which he had purchased in Toronto. He possessed forged papers and orders from the Royal Canadian Navy, addressed to Lieutenant Commander J. H. Kelly. In San Francisco he registered at the largest hotel, and was assigned a room with an American naval officer. While the officer was taking a shower, Atkins lifted his Bulova wrist watch, and \$200 and immediately left town. He was caught, and once more deported. Two weeks later he reentered the U. S. for the last time.

Wearing the uniform of a brigadier general in the Canadian Army this time, he secured a room at one of the larger New York hotels. Here he cashed a bogus \$50 check, obtained his baggage, and left without paying his room rent. He went to another well-known hotel in New York and registered as Colonel J. Harris of the British Consulate General's office. While at that hotel he wore the uniform of a major in the Canadian Army. Three days later he passed a bogus check for \$200, promoted himself to brigadier general, and shoved off for New Orleans.

Making the rounds of bars and night clubs in New Orleans, the "general" cashed more checks, one for \$200, drawn on a bank in New York. He then wired to a prominent hotel in Dallas, requesting reservations in the name of Brigadier General J. Thompson. Upon arrival at the hotel he requested the room clerk to give out no information concerning his stay at the hotel, and to put through no calls to him, inasmuch as his mission was of a "confidential" nature. But Dallas was the last stop.

When he tried to make plane reservations to L. A., an alert airline employee became suspicious, and notified the FBI. The agents caught him in the hotel room fully attired as a brigadier general, preparing to leave. When Atkins-Harris-Thompson, etc., saw the law at his door he exclaimed,

"Pip, pip, the jig is up. You fellows have caught up with me again. I am not a general in the Canadian Army. I'm not even a private."

They threw the book at him. When his sentence had been read, Atkins commented,

"If ever again I try to enter the United States illegally, I hope I drop dead at the border."

So did a lot of other people.

THE SHAKEDOWN (cont.)

Probably the most lucrative shakedown was the "allotment" racket, aimed at the Government's moneybags, and the serviceman's affection. It was practiced, to varying degrees, by attractive women who dispensed with the formality of divorce, thus incurring the wrath of the FBI. The routine was simple. A young woman met, wooed, and married a serviceman, had him make out an allotment in her name, kissed him goodbye when he shipped out, and got the hooks out for another. Some of the more enterprising of the weaker sex accumulated as many as five or six servicemen husbands and allotments during the war, and subsequently shed them when the going got hot.

Frances Dale, the "Much Married Momma" of West Coast newspaper fame, gathered three husbands and one child to her bosom over a period of several years, relieving the government of a handy pile of cash through allotment benefits. Another of her kind, Alta Mae Evans, a reformed prostitute, collected on two husbands, while both were sending her generous additional chunks of their own cash. The second of these was forced to "borrow" \$75 from her upon his return to the States in order to start divorce proceedings. One of the most sensational of the allotment cases was that of Korine Fern Buckner, who had married 15 times when finally nabbed by the FBI. However, not all of these had been servicemen, and therefore not allotment-eligible. Apparently she did it for the fun as well as the money.

With the recent decline in the number of servicemen, the allotment racket has nearly disappeared.



Government officials state, however, that during its hey-day the racket bit deeply into the servicemen's dependency funds, and many a victimized "husband" wasted precious hours overseas, planning his future with the little woman.

Servicemen were not the only victims of wartime racketeering. The shakedown plunked also itself down on the doorsteps of their dependents. One of the most vicious of these was the systematic looting of mail-boxes and letter slots for the government checks which were often the victims' sole means of support.

The routine was simple and worked with unbelievable ease. The operator watched the mailbox until the check was delivered. When the mailman was safely out of sight, he pried open the box and lifted the check. An endorsement was forged, and using a faked social security card, or some other easily obtainable identification, the chiseler persuaded a gullible merchant or storekeeper to cash it.

The Treasury Department fought these racketeers through its Secret Service, and often was able to track them down and get convictions. Once positive proof was obtained the merchant who had cashed the check was held liable for the amount, because of his negligence in identifying the endorser, and another check was issued to the victim. However, thousands of such cases were impossible to trace, and the loss was sorely felt in the breadbaskets of many a serviceman's dependent. For if the holder of the check could not be found, the victim could not be reimbursed.

Some of the other means of fleecing servicemen's families could be attributed only to ghouls. One of the more ingenious was the "burial" racket. An operator would call at the home of a dead serviceman, having gotten the address from the casualty lists printed in the daily papers. Usually he posed as an officer or a representative of the War Department. The grief-stricken family was told preparations were being made to bring the body of their dead hero home for burial, and that the government would

pay half the expenses if they would furnish the balance. One rat placed the expenses at \$100 and took many a \$50 deposit from mourning relatives.

Another variety was the "charity" shakedown. Here the chiseler called at the home of a dead serviceman, claiming to have been one of his best buddies. "I was with him when he died," etc. He worked himself into the good graces of the family, stayed a few days, and then, on leaving, casually mentioned that he was "on the way home to collect disability compensation but lacked sufficient funds to make it." The family was usually only too glad to "loan" money to their late son's "best friend."

There were many twists applied to the charity racket, but none was more rotten than the "good news" man. This character would call at the home of a dead serviceman and tell his people how "I talked to George only a couple of weeks ago. He wasn't killed when our outfit was ambushed. You'll probably get a telegram from the War Department confirming this any day now." The parents, overjoyed at the glad tidings, would seldom be anything but easy pickings for a "best buddy" of their son, who could bring such wonderful news. Days, and sometimes weeks, after the shyster had gone they would come to realize the awful truth.

In the Midwest grew one racket which far outdistanced the others in ingenuity, viciousness, and smooth sailing. This was the "collection agency" plan. Once again the casualty lists furnished the means to a nasty end. Unscrupulous chiselers would send letters to the relatives of dead servicemen, using the letterheads of a fictitious bill-collection agency, requesting payment of debts contracted by their son before his death. The letter invariably began:

"We are in deepest sympathy with you in your great loss. Much as we hate, etc." Below this were listed items which their son might well have purchased "on credit." Payment was, of course, requested. The family, always anxious to have their dead beyond reproach, sent the money, usually without further investigation. One "firm," when uncovered in Chicago, was found to have set up a regular office in that city, and was sending thousands of similar letters to points throughout the Midwest. This game was played cautiously, and any signs of



**The allotment operators
and "charity" boys
cleaned up, and for them
GI meant "sucker"**



suspicion on the part of the victim usually terminated the negotiations.

Another corker was the "bullet proof" Bible. This was a regular pocket edition, equipped with a tinny cover, and guaranteed to "stop a bullet, shrapnel, or the thrust of a bayonet." One test proved that a



.22 calibre bullet, fired at 50 feet, could penetrate the cover, and the Bible, and lodge itself in the sandbag placed behind it. The "bullet proof" Bible could stop little more than a mosquito bite, but thousands of them were sold.

The costliest racket was that worked by a few industrialists in the war plants. The cost was in human lives. Today the FBI holds files on these men, who marred the splendid record of American wartime industry by allowing faulty equipment to come off their production lines and be shipped overseas. The motive, as usual, was money. More production meant more money, and in these cases, the quality of that production was overlooked.

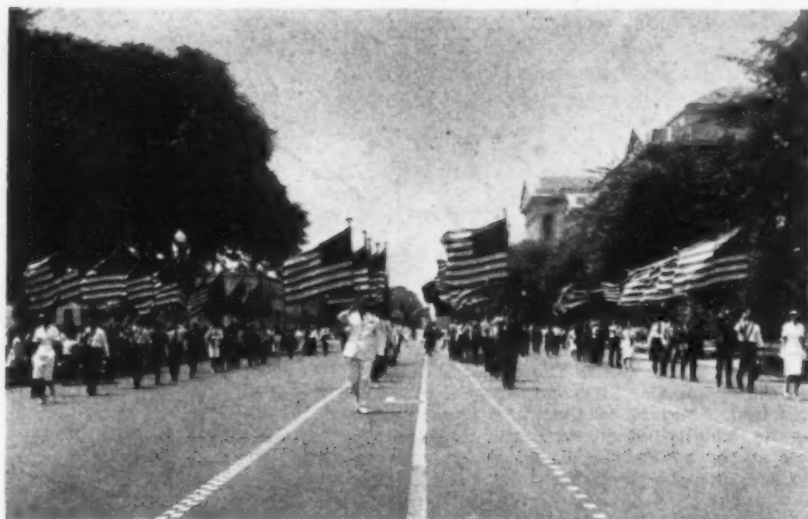
One plant in New Jersey made millions, and it has been definitely proven that some of the equipment from that plant caused the deaths of American troops overseas, by failing to operate when needed most. In the majority of cases, guilt has also been proven to lie, not with the inspecting officials and conscientious workmen, but with the plant owners and managers who stood to make most from a higher production capacity. These men knew of the conditions, yet refused to do anything about them, and in some cases fired men who reported deficiencies. Unfortunately many of these high calibre shysters, who are today living on the huge fortunes they accumulated during the war, have gone scot free.

Many gruesome tales of atrocity and brutality have come out of the war, but few can rival the story of the American sharpie. He somehow kept himself out of the army, and then turned on those who, in uniform, were vulnerable to his attack. His victims were the very men and women responsible for his safety, the ones who preserved his worthless freedom. At every turn, shysters were in there pitching — raising prices, cheating, rolling, rooking, and running the various black markets. Methods by which the chiselers made money would surely curl the hair of Satan himself.

END

The nation's capital
honors a famous Old Corps reserve unit

Medal Day



Marines from the Eighth and Eye Barracks in Washington, D. C., led a huge parade down Constitution Avenue after the presentation ceremony



Lieutenant Colonel William F. Thyson, Jr., photographed in charge of his unit, was instrumental in rebuilding the famed Fifth to its present strength



The American Legion's National Guard of Honor headed by Captain James Clarke saluted the colors of various district posts as they paraded by

TO the famous Fifth Marine Reserve Battalion recently fell the honor of receiving the first Victory medals for World War II. The presentation was made in the picturesque Sylvan Theater at the foot of the Washington Monument in the nation's capital, two years after V-J Day.

The ceremonies were colorful in a military way, but the scrape of marching feet and the thumping blare of drum and bugle corps provided an anticlimatic air to the proceedings. To Washington and the quota of spectators that parades and speeches will always draw, it was just another of the succession of similar celebrations that follow a war, but it was an important event to Marine Reservists who are working hard to organize.

The American Legion sponsored the affair as a part of its annual convention. The tribute was paid to the Fifth because it was one of the first reserve outfits to be formed in the Corps during the apathetic mid-peace years of the Twenties.

The Fifth is an outgrowth of the old 401st Company which was recruited in 1929 under the command of Colonel (then Captain) Harvey L. Miller. It grew rapidly and in 1934 became one of the eight companies comprising the Fifth Fleet Marine Force Battalion. In 1940 the outfit was again reorganized, this time into a five-company battalion.

In its early days and until 1934, the 401st practically supported itself. There was no money available for pay or equipment and the men considered themselves fortunate to be furnished with summer uniforms. They provided their own shoes and paid for all their necessary gear. Handicapped by the lack of an armory, they used the city streets for close order drill. But facilities for the Fifth have improved and today their armory contains a modern gymnasium suitable for drills, recreational sports and social events.

The token award of Victory Medals to the men of this battalion marked the beginning of the distribution of over 15,000,000 to members of the armed forces of the U. S. and the Philippines who served on active duty in World War II at any time between 7 December, 1941 and 31 December, 1946.

END

BY SGT. HARRY POLETE
Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY CORP. WM. MELLERUP
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

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Brigadier General
William T. Clement
decorates Colonel
Harvey Miller

liberty belles

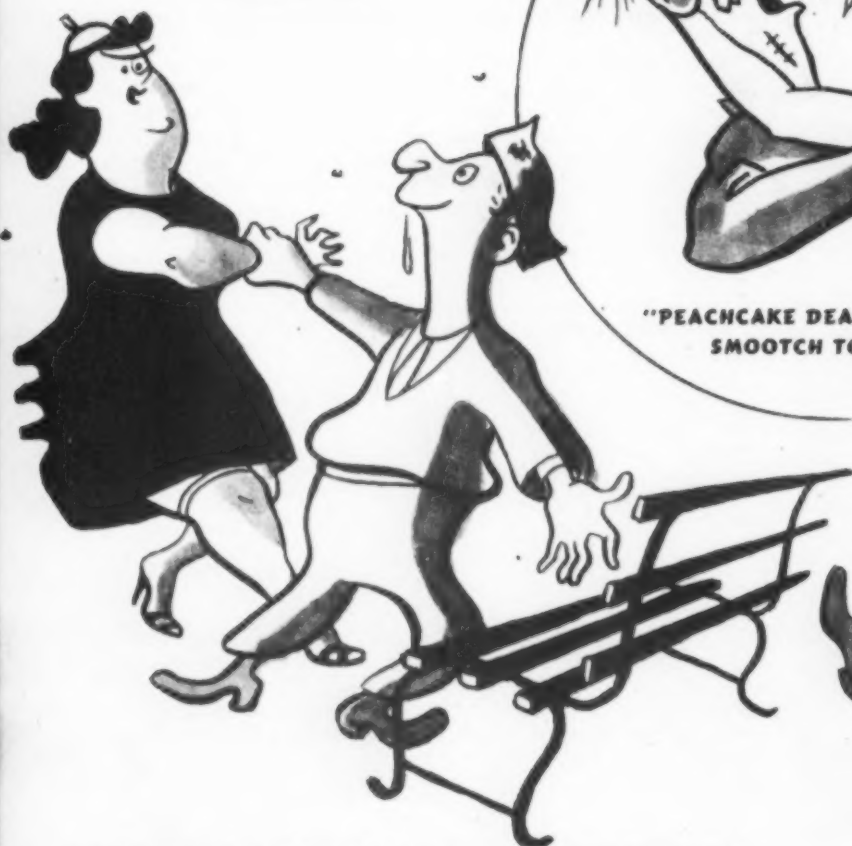
GEO. W. BOOTH



"PIPE THE SWELL CHICK LENNEY HAS."



"PEACHCAKE DEAR, LET'S DON'T
SMOOTCH TONIGHT."



"NO STUDLEY, I'M TIRED OF SITTING ON PARK BENCHES."



"FORDYCE DARLING, CAN'T YOU JUST FEEL A LITTLE FLAME
BEING KINDLED DOWN DEEP INSIDE?"



At the conclusion of Test Baker, Kwajalein Marines settled down to security duties, unloading ships and the inevitable troop and stomp



Hundreds of buildings, built on Kwajalein during the war, housed 33,000 men, but now, most of them are deserted and marked for future razing

POSTS OF THE CORPS

KWAJALEIN

by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

IF you are the type who likes to save a lot of money and have the philosophical outlook that all time counts on thirty, then you are the man for Kwajalein. There can't be too many people like this, if we are to believe the men who have pulled duty there.

Kwajalein is nothing but a name to the newspaper-reading public. It got into the headline spotlight when it provided a backdoor invasion route to and through the Marshalls in 1944. Since the fighting died down there it has waxed and waned in importance. The second high point of interest was reached when it served as a base of operations for the undertaking of Operation Crossroads—the Bikini atom bomb tests.

The boomerang-shaped island, which is part of an atoll by the same name, has become important to the United States as a postwar air base. It is also a link in all trans-Pacific air traffic.

Thousands of servicemen know the place best, however, as a hot piece of sun-baked coral. Many have dubbed it the last outpost to nowhere. Some of these troops helped to build it from a devastated area of smashed palm trees into a great base; others had to garrison it for long weary months. All have been glad to leave.

When the Fleet opened its pre-invasion bombardment, paving the way for the landing of the Seventh Army Division in 1944, Kwajalein might have been termed a beautiful island, abounding with thousands of coconut trees. The Japanese hadn't developed it much, outside of several belts of concrete fortifications. Bombs and shells, and the demolition charges of foot troops, soon made a shambles of the place. Today it boasts only seven coconut trees. There is little other vegetation.

Most of what shrubbery remains, is standing in and around the Marine Barracks, the best area on the whole expanse of coral. The rest of the island, with the exception of a large airstrip, is covered with a maze of buildings that once accommodated more than 30,000 men. A greater part of these are no longer in use and are soon to be torn down.

During the atom bomb tests the Marine Barracks, commanded by Major Robert H. Houser, had a complement of some 250 men to guard many of the vital installations used in the tests, including the bomb itself. This number was reduced to 100 at the conclusion of Test Baker and the Marines settled down to a more or less routine existence. This included normal security duties, brig maintenance, daily training schedules and the inevitable ship unloading. At one time the transports were coming in so fast that one of the Marines griped: "Damn, do all the ships in the Navy have to come here?"

There are few places where Marines can find less opportunity to spend their money than at Kwaj. There's a complete lack of entertainment, except for what the men provide from their own meager facilities. But since they are letting their money ride the books, each one expects to return Stateside with a big chunk of the long green and definite ideas on how to spend it.

END

Photos by Corp. Wm. Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



On Easter, 1947, the children of the officers and enlisted men looked for their eggs in the shrubbery on the lawns surrounding the barracks



USO girls, Dotty Paul and Madeline Bohanon, check in at the women's barracks. PFC Martin Kostric is the sentry on the much-coveted post



The former base for the atom bomb tests has become an important link in trans-Pacific air traffic



The fissionable materials of the atom bomb were stored in this concrete building lined with lead



A Jap cemetery, established by Americans, lies on the lagoon side at the upper end of the island



Private Donald L. Burgess and PFC Art McGowan scrub down a few clothes at a seaside wash rack

uneventful journey

I CAN look back now, and see that it was an uneventful journey. Two years offer the vantage point of clarity. To see clearly, you cannot always be too close.

From the control tower of Iwo's middle strip, maybe you could see both ends of the runway; twice anyway, they called to say the stuff had lifted from the other end.

From the warm-up end, where we were, you could see only the scudding fog, shifting in encompassing, white blotches up and down the runway. The field would open, and then close in again immediately.

These temporary let-ups had allowed two of our three planes to take off at intervals. We were still to go.

Seventy minutes before, the Air Combat Intelligence Officer (ACI) had outlined the mission: search, primarily; then, maybe, a target of opportunity. One of our planes yesterday, patrolling the Japanese mainland, had not returned. Our three were scheduled to make the fan-out search en-route.

by Bob Clark

Things popped around them, but
for the crew with a
jammed-circuit radio
it was a boring flight

UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY (cont.)

The exec would go straight to Honshu. The second plane would fan west. We were to go still farther west, coming up the line between Honshu and Shikoku. Then, if our timing was close enough, we'd meet at Shionomisaki, Honshu's southern tip, attack and return.

With two planes airborne at fog-determined intervals, and with us on the ground, the meeting seemed remote. No one liked to try an instrument take-off on Iwo's old middle field. That was before the new, paved one was built, and the pock marks in old Walnut strip encouraged no heroics.

Then it cleared again. For a moment. That's all you need. We poured the heat on with both throttles, and 4000 horses got religion and roared. Five thousand bumpy feet later, we staggered into the air with our usual, ton-plus overload. Taking off that way, there is no monotheism—you pray to two gods, your engines. Over water, a mile—and hour-long seconds—away, you relax. If an engine cuts now, you can ditch.

I couldn't tell then it would be an uneventful journey. Nor could the crew. All we knew was that our three planes were off with 30-minute gaps between them.

At cruising altitude, I throttled back, switched tanks, closed the cowl flaps, and set her up for cruising.

Barton, my co-pilot, went aft to the navigation table. Sometimes he navigated from the cockpit, taking his winds from the water, and setting them up on the computer.

Honus, my gunner, could navigate at the table, but Barton liked to check him, especially on longer flights. We figured 611 nautical miles from Iwo to Japan—in a straight line, and we had to take the long route northwest, then north, then cut back.

Skulley, my plane captain and mech, came up and sat in the right hand seat. You need two men to look out forward and to the sides... just to keep the radar on its toes.

Verrelli, my radioman, was in his intricate little post directly behind the cockpit, listening professionally to the hundreds of messages that constantly shatter the air in "radio silence." One might be for us. He found time, too, to guard the radar grid expertly.

Honus, the gunner, would keep radar watch from the after station when Verrelli was tinkering with his radio. Back when the five of us trained as a crew, they would chase me all over the Pacific to see a rain squall they'd "picked up" on radar. Now they could spot a ship in that rain squall.

Skulley sat by me, eating. Skulley always ate, even K-Rations.

Off to distant starboard, we could see the misty, volcano outline of Kita Iwo, Iwo Jima's Jap-held brother, 40 miles north.

Far ahead, we could see the black wall of a warm front, a Pacific contribution to unpleasant flying.

In practically no time—165 miles out of Iwo,—we hit our front. Barton was back in the seat with me then, as we negotiated the waterwall interior.

Actually, it wasn't so very bad, not what we'd anticipated, anyway. We hoped it would be as mild on the return.... An odd thing about a strike, you always worry about the return trip before you know there'll even be one. Must be a good thing, though, or so many people wouldn't bother with it.

On the other side of the front, our fears of weather dissipated into the bright, clear sunshine of a cool, crisp day. We should have known, then, that it would be an uneventful flight.

In fact, it was an anti-climax; it would be hard to mention back at base. When they re-hash the flights back at base, the weather is always sloppy and the flak heavy. Ours would be uneventful.

The flight settled into that unbelievable monotony

of over-ocean patrol, where the keyed alertness demanded of the occasion, fights grimly against the sleepy paralysis of comfortably droning engines and the depressing void of millions of square miles of water.

Barton returned to the nav table. Skulley was eating. Honus distributed the flak suits, unwieldy slabs of canvas covered steel that looked like baseball belly protectors. Verrelli listened to the babel—a B-29 weather plane telling about conditions along the Tokio approaches—the routine transmission of a PBV Air-Sea Rescue plane, on station.

One hundred fifty miles south of Japan, Barton came forward to complete the trip north. Skulley went aft. We altered course a few degrees to correct for drift. Gas consumption was ideal. We settled down to the usual, uneasy anticipation of the target. Verrelli reported that interference on the radio was getting bad.

A hundred miles off the coast, Honus called on intercom to relay bright news: the turret wouldn't work.

"Won't work, hell!" I challenged. Try it manually!"

"I did, Sir. It won't work."

"Did it check this morning on the deck at Iwo?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Now you say it won't work?"

"Yes, Sir."

I looked at Barton. With dry resignation, he offered: "I wish I was home and my brother was here."

I did too. "What do you do in this case?"

"It's your baby," he answered, helpfully. The Patrol Plane Commander has the headache of decision.

Ninety miles to go.

In a medium bomber, your turret is your only anti-plane protection. Your bow guns and your tunnel guns are effective in strafing only. Do you invade the homeland of your enemy without it? Should you turn back? A question of etiquette? Hardly.

It was my decision; yet, I think Barton and I made it together. We looked at each other. The implied consent was there, underwritten by every pilot's unflinching knowledge that nothing can happen to him, personally.

Eighty miles. Verrelli said radio reception was garbled badly now.

The clear sunlight had disintegrated into haze—sunshine still, but diluted with the protective vapors that always shroud the Japanese mainland.

Fifty miles. Verrelli complained the B-29 weather plane was jamming the air.

We all put on our flak suits. Since the pilot has armor on the back of his seat, I only needed to wear the front half of mine, holding it on with shoulder straps fastened to the seat. With the turret out, I had Honus stand watch at the astrohatch—sort of a fire control officer for a machine with no fire.

Twenty-five miles. Verrelli reported, indignantly, that weather should be sent on another frequency.

Our altitude was 1100 feet. You never surprised anybody, even flying low. Another plane came in at 1000 a few weeks before, and the pilot had his operator "query" the enemy radar to see if he was detected. Eleven Jap sets had him. There goes your surprise bubble.

Twenty miles—maybe only 15... you don't know this close. Ahead and to starboard, jutting suddenly out of the mist, was Honshu, main island of the Japanese Empire.

We couldn't see it clearly, but it was beautiful. It looked forbidding, even relentless.

Distance dissolved. We turned starboard on our final leg. There was Shionomisaki with its little island guard of O Shima just off-shore. Our other two planes were not in sight. One plane against the Empire.

We looked for our "target of opportunity." Through the haze, nothing looked likely. Yet Japan

itself was vivid. Green beauty, but bleak, a country of mountains. No wonder agriculture is sparse, with farms clinging to the mountain sides.

Suddenly a boat! Our target! I nosed the plane over, but the clearing haze showed only a white rock. I leveled off again, and set the throttles far forward, with high RPM, mixture full rich, ready for "the run." I charged the bow guns—twice. You could hear the hydraulic chargers cough.

Skulley at the tunnel guns reported he was all set. Verrelli said the radio was badly jammed, and stood behind us to watch. Barton got his K-20 camera ready. You always take pictures.

We started our run, almost impotently across the island edge of O Shima. Barton yelled to point out three small craft a mile off-shore, and perpendicular to the coast at intervals of a few hundred yards. Picket boats!

I wanted to attack! We could use our bow guns and rockets!

"It's a dam trap!" Barton's forbidding warning.

So I held on course. Opened the guns at anything in sight! We had, maybe, 25 feet altitude. O Shima opened up with every flak gun in Japan. At least!

"There's a plane! There's a plane!" Honus shouted.

"Where?" Barton and I were together on the mike on that one.

"Above and diving! Twelve o'clock!"

"How far away?"

"Twenty-two hundred feet." Now how in hell do you know that a plane in flight, observed from another plane in flight, is exactly 2200 feet away? How can you judge that distance? Or any arbitrary distance from a speeding airplane? But you can—and with deadly accuracy. At least you accept a snap estimate with religious trust, and base your

**There would be no re-hash of
this mission. Everything
had happened to somebody else**



every move on it. Usually rightly.

"I wish I was home and my brother was here," Barton observed again. Then he got back to his camera, seemingly unworried.

I was worried. "What kind of plane?"

"Val."

"Honus, are you sure?"

"It's got fixed gear. What else could it be?"

"Seaplane, maybe?"

"Hell! Both are slow." Contemptuously: "They can't catch us."

I looked at the air speed indicator. 290 knots! We weren't even crowding top speed — usually had 310 or better during an attack. Not a Jap plane in that part of the Empire that could tag us at 290 knots. That's over 330 miles per hour!

"He's dropping back," Honus informed us.

"Did he fire?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Any dirt?"

"No dirt."

I felt better. We completed the uneventful run of the target. "How about the picket boats?" I asked Barton. He had a way of implying lunacy with a glance. I let it go. We never saw our other planes.

We held her low — right on the water until we had a couple of miles to the good. Then climbed to 1000, and settled back to cruising. You'd be amazed the gas you can burn at high heat in a short attack. We took off our flak suits. Everybody felt better. Barton went aft to his nav table. Skully appeared with some food and fruit juice.

Verrelli said the radio was still a cacophony, but he didn't use that word. I had him dispatch our estimated time of arrival back at Iwo. Routine when leaving the coast.

The next few hours were distractingly boring. Not even an engine coughed — which always ages me a few years. I usually sweat gas on the return hop. Even the gas consumption was good.

The memory of the attack dimmed right after the coast faded away. Everything was uneventful. Our front had dissolved . . . just a few clouds . . . hardly a bump.

Finally, ahead and to port, we could see the conical abruptness of Kita Iwo, nature's milepost. We drew up close abeam of the rock. Forty miles to go. Home. Yes, even Iwo Jima is home — the only American island from the Marianas north.

Minutes later, we were circling the field, radioing position, asking permission to land. A couple of 29's landed. A bunch of P-51's got in the way. A NATS plane from Guam landed. At last, wheels down, we turned into the groove. Barton called the tower to announce, triumphantly, we were on final.

I dropped the flaps, eased back on the throttles, shoved the props forward. A few seconds, and I banged her on the deck. Iwo had a jinx on me; those landings! We coasted to the end of the runway, unlocked the tail wheel, upped flaps, and started to taxi up to our area. Uneventful mission completed!

A squadron guard led us into parking position, and we cut the engines. The skipper himself met us at the plane.

"Did you hear from Polie?" he asked, abruptly.

Polie was the exec.

"No," we said, puzzled.

"He lost an engine. Had to ditch. Picked up by a sub. He's safe. Did you get the other plane's message?"

"Aren't they back yet? We were the last one off."

"Hell no! Didn't you get their message? It had to

be relayed from a 4Y in another sector. Couldn't pick it up here."

Personally, I felt a little numb. I could tell the crew felt the same. "When did they send it, captain?"

"Eleven-thirty. Where were you then?"

I looked at Barton for navigation help, but remembered we were just south of the mainland then. We had completed our attack before noon. "Fifty miles south, Sir," I told him. Barton gave him his latitude and longitude estimate.

"Gawd!" The captain looked at the relayed radio message, and made a fast mental computation. "You were only about forty miles away. Less. Didn't you hear *anything* on the radio?" He turned to Verrelli.

"No, Sir. I kept telling Mr. Roark here the circuits were completely jammed. Only thing I could hear, clearly, was some B-29 weather plane sending reports."

The skipper turned to me, his final hopes fading. "Well, Roark, that's that, I guess. The 4Y in the next sector sent us his message, but they explained it wasn't clear. It was two hours before it got relayed here. We got a later message from our own plane, but it didn't add up to anything. His position came in garbled, and from it, it looked like he was heading for Okinawa. I know that can't be right. It's just as far, and he doesn't know the fields there."

The captain made a final, dejected announcement. "Tomorrow morning, there'll be a search."

I was sort of limp. Four planes had made the trip in two days. Three down; one rescued; two lost. We were the only ones to return.

The crew stayed to secure the plane. Barton and I got in the jeep to go report to Air Combat Intelligence another uneventful flight.

END

The captain made a final statement, "Tomorrow there'll be a search"





WHEN jet propulsion caught on as a novel way of pushing things around, it left the conventional reciprocating-engine type of airplane as high and dry as last week's wash. Jet aircraft became the ultimate answer, at least in the light of present-day practicable knowledge, to man's centuries-old dream of making a bird of himself and escaping the earth to which nature had bound him.

The first human beings to really get their feet off the ground were the Montgolfier brothers, a pair of air-minded Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century. Their hot-air balloon soared over Paris in 1783 carrying the first airborne passenger in history. Just a year later the Abbe Miolan endeavored to propel a similar balloon by means of a steam jet. The result was about what you might expect if the Germans had tried to move their great Graf Zeppelin with a kicking BAR. Not until the Wright brothers got an indecisive flutter out of their flying machine at Kittyhawk in 1900 did we hit upon the prerequisites for rapid flight — a heavier-than-air machine that is airborne through propulsion by an efficient power plant.

Between World Wars I and II, aeronautical science exploited the gasoline-aero combustion engine for all the power and speed they could develop in it. Daredevil speed demons in the halcyon twenties reckoned their accomplishments in terms of breathtaking mile-a-minute flights. For 20 years the average annual speed increase was a steady 14 miles per hour. Then everything slowed. It would seem that nature itself had erected the barrier which halted these conventionally-powered aircraft dead in their tracks.

But where the reciprocating engine began to fall

except for a pulsating feature which drives it forward in spurts so closely timed as to seem continuous; and the turbo-jet, a unit which compresses drive in a rotating mechanism. The turbo-jet is the most commonly used now.

Awaiting tests in this country are new Army and Navy planes embodying one kind or another of these basic type engines. And when the wraps are taken off some of the latest ones, they will make standard jobs look like lumbering haywagons. The Army's rocket-driven XS-1, a stubby midjet with a potential speed of 1500 miles an hour, has been gingerly flown at 550 m.p.h. in mild test-drops from a B-29 carrier. Its pilot, Chalmers "Slick" Goodlin, a 23-year-old Pennsylvanian, says he can pierce the supersonic easily enough. But not even Goodlin, who has torn planes apart in power dives, is sure of what stormy and terrifying experiences may be in store for him. A British DeHavilland in a speed test reached the fringe of the transonic range and was destroyed, killing the manufacturer's son who was piloting it.

The Navy has an impressive array of new jet planes on tap, many of which Marine Corps pilots will get as soon as they can be produced in sufficient numbers. The trend, which started a major conversion in the Navy's air arm, began before the end of war with the addition of the jet-prop FR-1 to the naval air fleet. Commonly known as the Fireball, the plane is driven by an engine in the nose and a jet unit in the tail. The FD-1, or Phantom, operating without a propeller, gets its drive from twin jet engines. It became the first wholly jet plane to take off and land aboard a carrier. The XFJ, a North American Aircraft Corporation progeny with the stubby appearance of a flying bomb, and the XF5U, Vought's sleek, light-weight successor to the Corsair, were developed last year. Their introduction into carrier aviation put shipboard fighters more closely on a par, in terms of range and speed, with the best land-based planes. New jet attack and patrol aircraft would indicate that the Navy intends to make the conversion complete in all branches of its aeronautical department. However, it faces a unique problem in utilization of jet propulsion. This stems

THE SUPERSONIC URGE

**Jet propulsion provides the
answer to man's long
search for unbounded speed**

off in the 300 to 400 mile-an-hour speed band, jet propulsion suddenly was ready to take over. Britain came out first with a jet job, but the Shooting Star of the P-80 series was soon standard for the U.S. Army. Recently the P-80R, piloted by Colonel Albert Boyd, took the speed record from the British with its official 628.8 miles an hour over the desert at Muroc, Cal. A Gloucester Meteor had, the year before, flown at 616 MPH.

Despite its popular acceptance as something of a novelty, jet propulsion in principle is nothing new. Nature had its version of jet as a source of power many millenniums before man was a recognized inhabitant of the earth. The squid, a simple sea organism, still propels itself by sucking in water at the front end and jetting it out the back.

Newton, whose third classic law of motion (the basis of all jet propulsion) states that for every force there is an equal and opposite reaction, advocated steam jet for propelling boats. Campini in Italy flew an all-jet plane long before World War II and Frank Whittle of England, father of the turbo-jet, filed his first patent on a jet power unit as early as 1930. From these isolated beginnings all military services in practically every country have begun a mad race to thrust a plane through the supersonic sphere.

Jet propulsion is a generic term. It comprises all the new types of power units that are today being used to send high-speed planes tearing across the skies. In the age-old manner of the oarsman who pushes masses of water backward to shove his boat ahead, jet propulsion engines spout high-velocity air or gas from tail-end nozzles. Those with their fuel self-contained are called rockets and those which scoop part of their fuel from the air through which they travel are called pure jets. These latter can be broken down into three main types: ram jet or athodyd; intermittent jet or aeropulse, like the ram

from the fact that, for the most part, its air arm is carrier-based.

Despite voiced opinions of progressive military thinkers that the carrier is on its way out, certain accepted tactical axioms would prove otherwise. So long as wars are fought on other than American shores, involving great movements of troops and materials by water, escort protection will be necessary. One of the most effective means of protection against other aircraft, as well as enemy naval forces is the airplane. And in order to have this weapon on the spot for such emergencies, it must be brought along with the surface fleet, aboard carriers.

Marrying the jet plane to the carrier is a real headache. The enormous fuel consumption of jet aircraft will require the ordinary carrier to be nothing short of a floating reservoir. It may be feasible to use separate aviation tenders for the tremendous chore of refueling the jets. Fuel consumption, which is inalterably harnessed to speed and range, is among the jet's foremost impracticalities where the Navy is concerned.

In a study of the jet-carrier problem by naval experts it was determined that because of their peculiar starting and taxiing characteristics, jet craft could not be dispatched from a carrier's deck at a rate comparable to that of the conventional airplane. The same slow pace also holds for landing. Propeller planes, which are easily started and completely mobile on the ground, are sent up with one-two-three dispatch. The only necessary wait is the time it takes to clear the flight deck of the preceding plane.

Jets require a large amount of power to start.

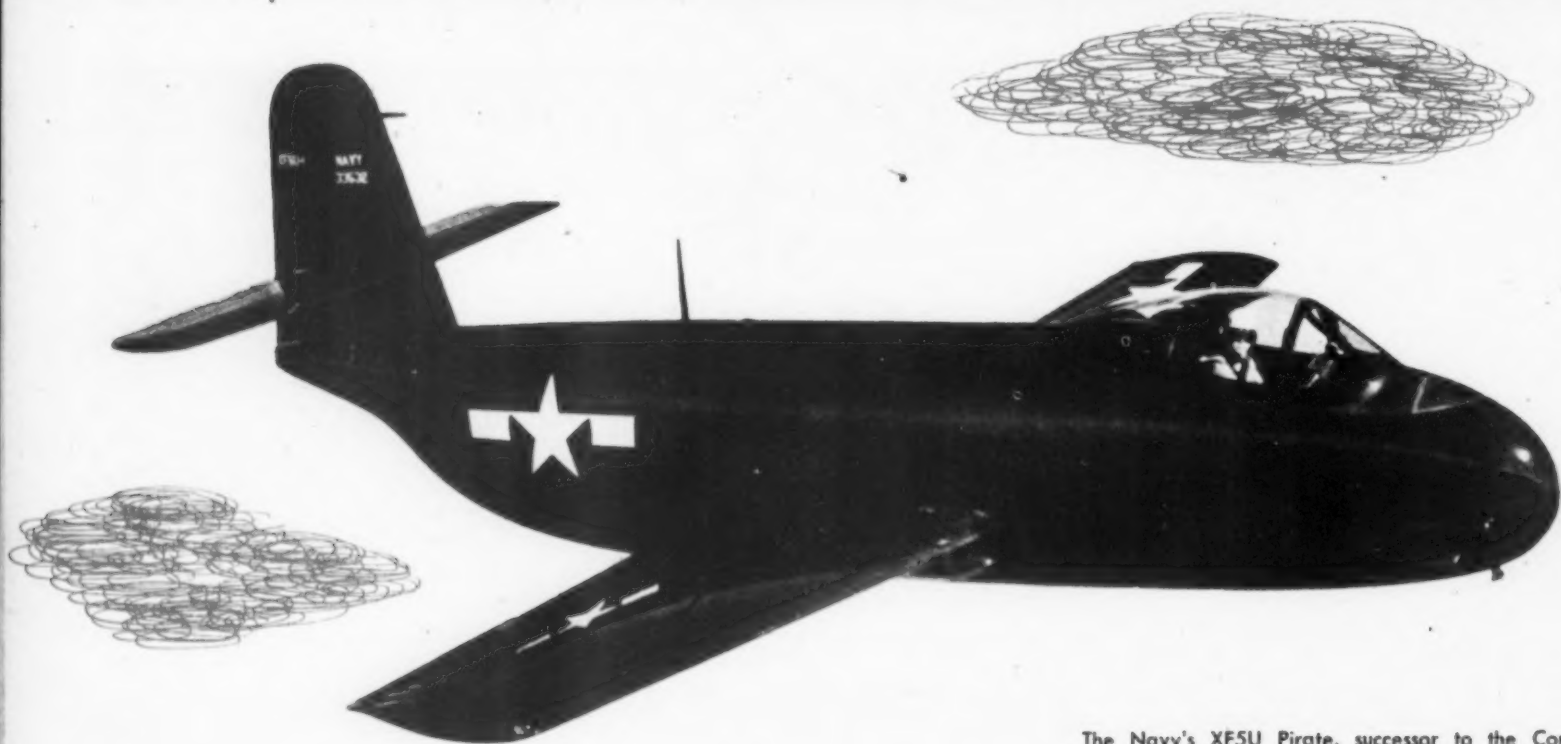
by Sgt. Vernon A. Langille

Leatherneck Staff Writer

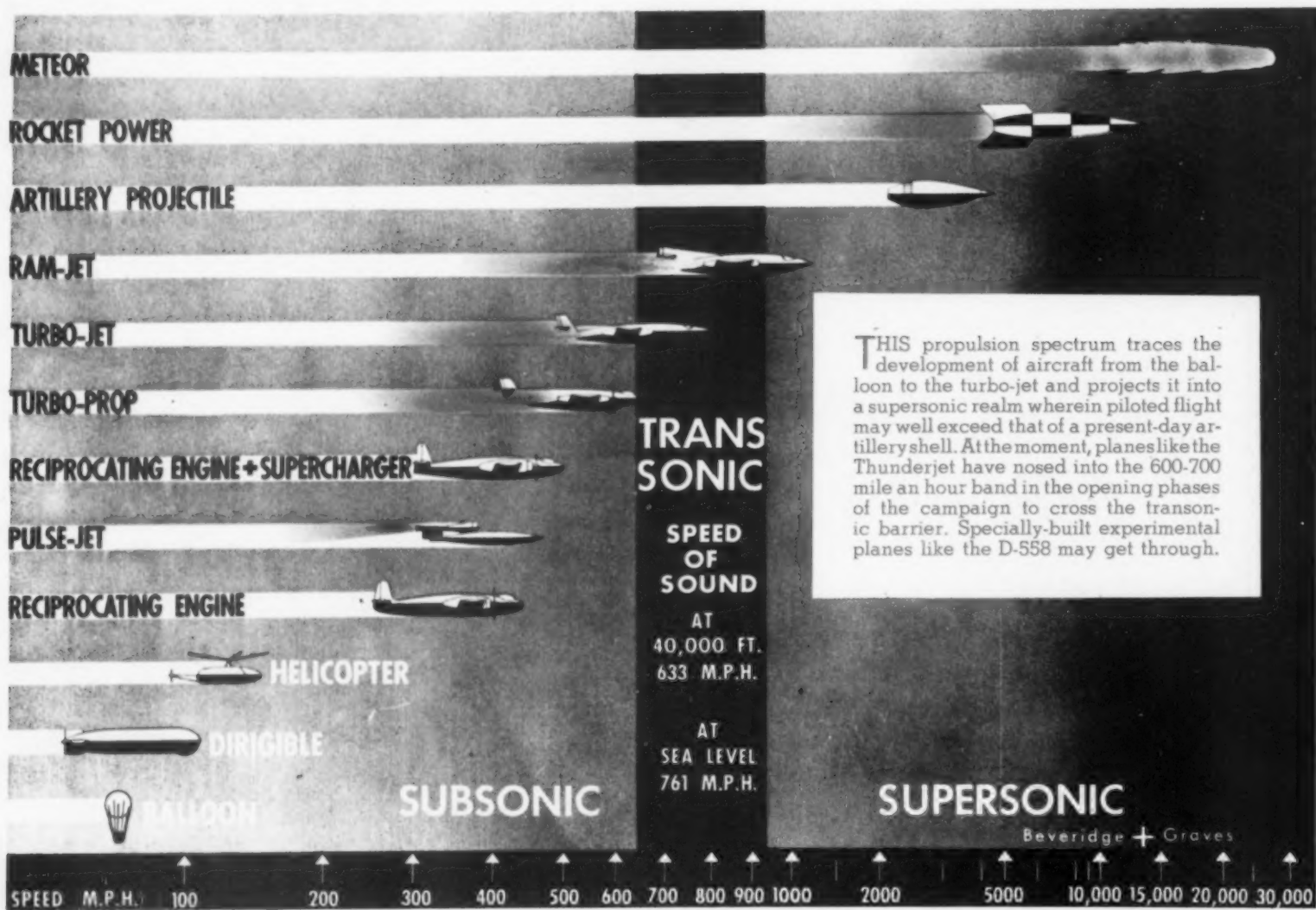


This D-558 Skystreak is the Navy's entry for an attempt on the secrets of the sonic range.

By means of wind tunnels, radar-controlled recording instruments,



The Navy's XF5U Pirate, successor to the Corsair, is undergoing tests at the Muroc Dry Lake facility



flying laboratories and rockets equipped with airmen know what a beating planes must take at the sonic barrier

While a propeller-driven P-89 can be started with batteries producing about 120 amperes, some jet engines were found to require about 2000 amperes. With its tremendous fuel load the jet could not have possibly carried, in addition, such an electrical power plant. Therefore separate electrical stations aboard ships carrying jets were among the Navy's early considerations. This entailed wheeling each plane up to a station for starting, and then towing it into position for taking off. At the present time the Navy is looking forward to the solution of the entire problem through development of new internal starting methods.

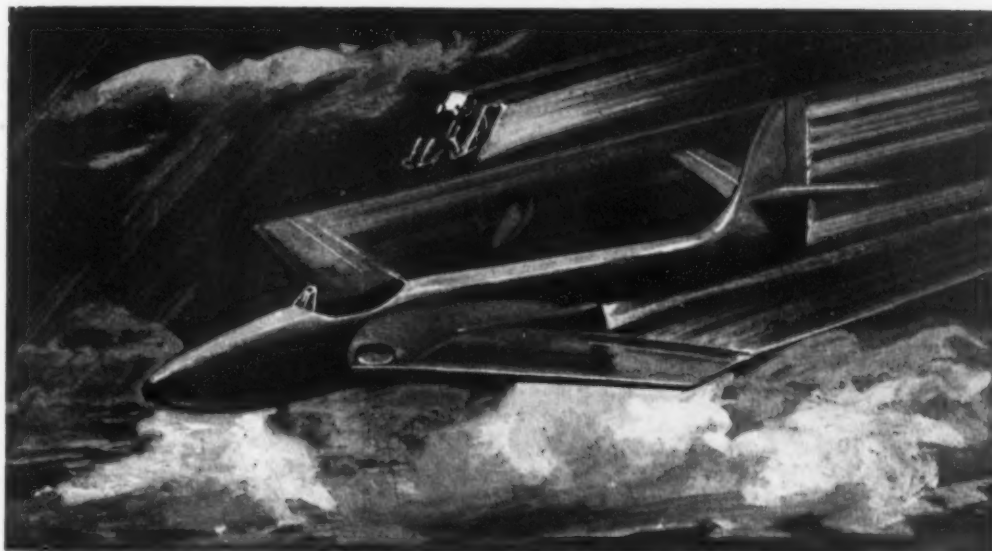
The answer to each arising difficulty will no doubt be found. The hunt for new jet fuels goes on in an attempt to lighten the load and increase range. While awaiting full development of the carrier jet, the combination propeller-jet plane is being used for long-range work. The reciprocating engine is used for take-offs and landings, and, under battle conditions, it would serve for part of the journey on a mission. The high-speed jet power would be cut in for combat purposes alone.

Problems of spotting jet planes aboard carriers are not serious. For the most part, the jets can be handled similarly to the conventional type aircraft. However, the absence of a propeller and addition of the tricycle landing gear give them an additional feature—kneeling—by depression of the nose wheel. Wing-folding is incorporated into jet configurations when the plane's wing size is such that it would prevent elevator transportation. Due to the tremendous heat built up in the nozzle and its nauseating effect upon pilots of planes directly aft, it is not considered safe to spot operating jets closer than 50 feet. In the spotting phase of carrier operation, the jet possesses equal facility, if not a slight advantage, over its propellored predecessor.

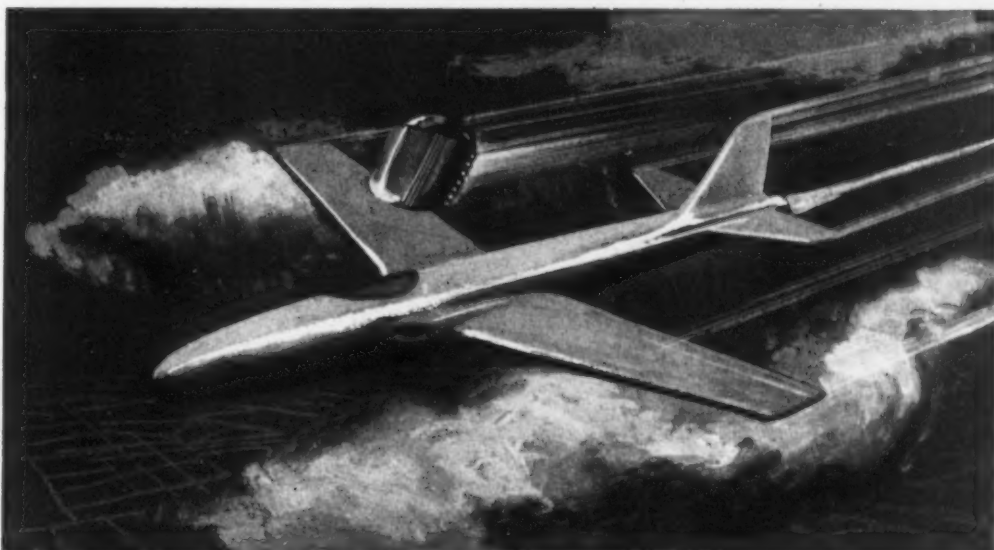
The Navy's entry for transonic testing is the D-558, the Skystrake. It is a transonic test tube of undetermined speed with a horsepower equivalent to that of a B-29. Stubby-winged and conventionally controlled, the D-558 features a pilot's bubble well forward of its thin wing. It is powered by a single General Electric TG-180 turbo-jet and is designed to resist the shock forces which try to rip apart whatever craft attempts the transonic range.

The sonic barrier, or transonic range, is the no-man's land between the speeds of 600 and 900 miles per hour. By means of wind tunnels, high-speed power dives, radar-controlled "flying laboratories" and rockets equipped to record statistical data, aeronautical experts now have a fair idea of the severe punishment to which a plane would be subjected when it crossed the barrier. At 600 m.p.h. the outer skin of a plane will heat up 65 degrees Fahrenheit. At 1500 m.p.h., friction boosts the temperature several hundred degrees. Such heat will deform a plastic cockpit shield and turn down the leading edge of an ordinary metal wing like wilting lettuce. Some place between 600 and 900 m.p.h. supersonic planes must hit an "area of compressibility." This is caused by the air stream bunching up and bubbling instead of flowing smoothly over the wings. When it occurs, the plane is buffeted about like a paper dart, setting up what is known to airmen as "flutter." The area of compressibility kills lifting pressure and may lock plane controls as tight as if they were fastened between the jaws of a giant vice.

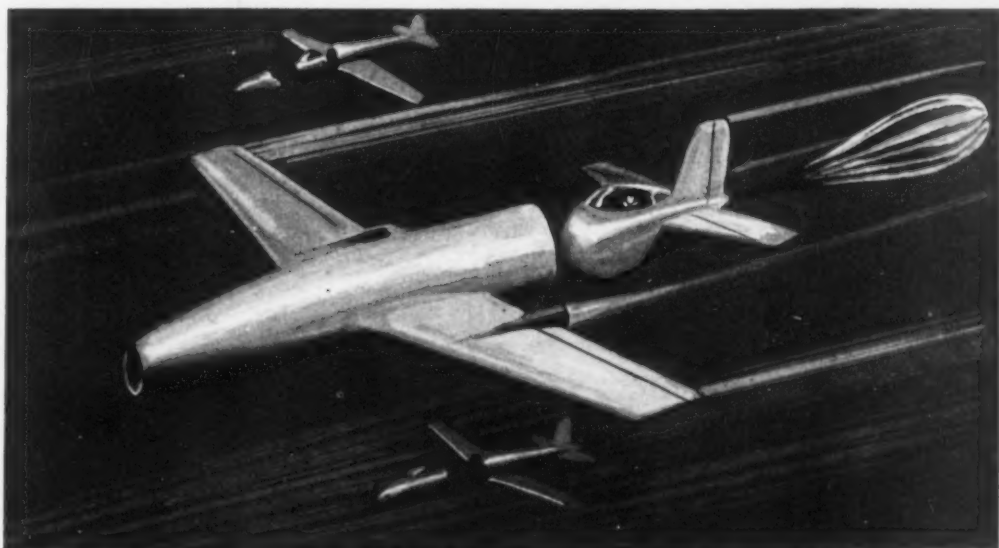
Another phenomenon, probably even more dangerous than sonic-induced flutter, is the effect of shock waves. At speeds of less than 600 m.p.h., pressure waves are sent out by the wing and run interference for it. But the forward-moving wing of a high-speed jet will catch up with these pressure waves and the effect is like running into a brick wall with an automobile. As air escapes from the pressure wall in front of the wing, it flows backward in an air-foil that is also supersonic in speed. Then it suddenly changes direction and slows down to subsonic speed. A shock wave is formed at the point of change from supersonic to subsonic and this can snap a plane so sharply that it will part at every seam and joint. Although shock is encountered in every case before the plane itself reaches the speed of sound, some models run into it sooner than others. Wing designs and other engineering configurations make the difference. Aerodynamicists believe that a plane would



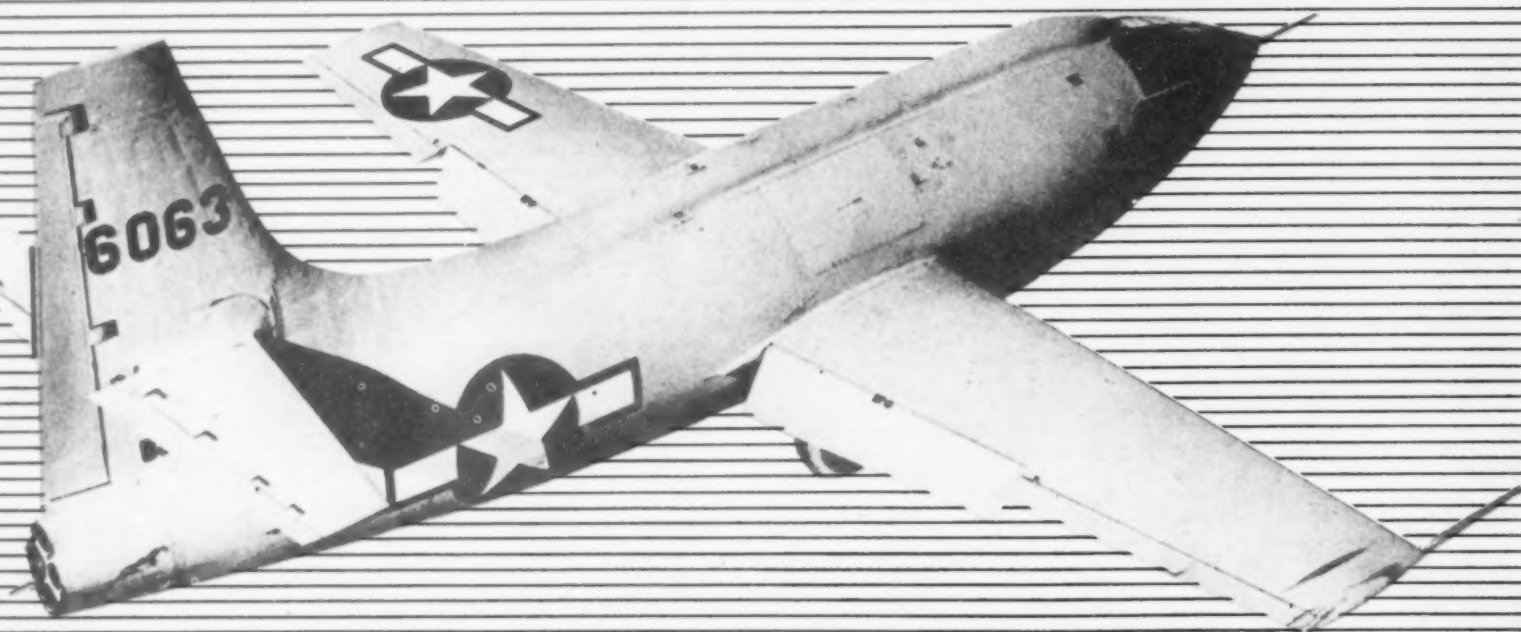
During World War II, few pilots were able to escape successfully during fast dives. Experiments were started on developing a pilot seat that could be shot clear of the tail, as shown in this picture



Extreme cold, lack of oxygen and eventual speeds at high altitudes will require much more protection than an open seat would afford. An ejectable capsule has been designed for testing



Three ways of "exploding" a plane are shown here. Any escape plan involves the use of one or more parachutes. The ribbon type depicted has been developed for bailing out at terrific speeds



The Army's tiny XS-1 is a rocket-powered purely experimental plane, a companion ship to the Douglas Skystreak. The XS-1 is carried up

to great heights under a B-29 and released for free flight, but it has never been extended. It is believed to be capable of 1500 m.p.h.

be fairly safe after having passed through the trouble zone.

In attempts to combat the problems of supersonic flight, modern airplane configurations are something of an aviation nightmare. Every conceivable shape, size and material is tried in the wind tunnels. For the most part, American designers are placing their faith in sheer strength of construction along the lines of present design. With some exceptions. The tail plane is elevated to get it out of the way of the destructive shock waves of the airfoil. Wings are short, are swept-back, and may have sharp edges. Super-durable metal alloys have been added to counteract shock. Resistance is further reduced by systems of flush riveting and in some planes by tubular fuselages. The supersonic plane of the future must be clean-lined, sleek and ten times sturdier than the strongest aircraft on today's airways.

Throughout the grooming of jet propulsion for its supersonic adventure, a question worthy of Jules Verne was posed in the air surgeon's office of the War Department. Has man built himself an aerial Frankenstein over which he will have no control, capable of smashing him and defeating him because

of his own physical limitations? The answer may be worked out in preparations for trips in planes like the XS-1, theoretically capable of hitting around 1500 m.p.h. at 80,000 feet.

Other than the supersonic range there is a good reason why man has not yet progressed beyond 616 miles an hour in speed and ten miles in height. Without aids he couldn't live through it. Giving a pilot the means to travel at supersonic speeds necessitates the building of conditions to meet the crushing force of the slipstream and the near vacuum of the stratosphere. It entails protecting the body against intolerable temperatures, and that nemesis of airmen since the earliest days of aviation — "G" strain.

It took the AAF 20 years to develop a suit which could support life at only reasonably high altitudes. Now the air surgeon's office is asked to prepare something for the protection of airmen flying at 300,000 feet, the anticipated altitude of the XS-1's successors. A suit now being developed will protect a pilot at 65,000 feet if his pressurized cabin should fail. But whether it will keep his body from virtually "exploding" at 80,000 and 100,000 feet is not known.

Documentary evidence from German experiments

with slave laborers indicate that unprotected, man cannot survive wind blasts of more than 450 miles per hour. Anything above this smashes the frail bones of his face. The wind blast involved in bailing out of a plane traveling at the speed of sound, providing the pilot could get out, would blow his lungs out. There are two solutions. In the first, which is now applicable, the pilot brings his plane down to a safe altitude and speed and then uses the widely-publicized ejection seat in which a cordite charge blows him and his chair clear of the trailing empennage of the plane. In the second, which promises to be the more practical of the two, the pilot would make his escape in a pressurized, oxygen-equipped capsule, similarly ejected. In the first case the pilot is released from his unprotected seat by means of a second charge, descending in the conventional way by parachute. In the second he would remain within his capsule until a safe altitude and downward speed had been reached. Then he would open a trap door and fall free until his own parachute had opened.

The breakdown of human reflexes at supersonic speeds presents a no less difficult problem. It especially pertains to the use of jets in combat flying.



**New combat tactics for effective use
of jet planes have been given top
priority in the planning of
the Army Air Forces**

Late in World War II pilots handling fast aircraft found it difficult and sometimes impossible to identify targets and other planes. It was clearly learned that the human eye and brain was at about the limit of its efficiency. Here again human shortcomings are to be overcome by mechanical means.

Identification of the enemy in a future war will be done by electronics. The shooting will begin long before the human eye has picked out the target. Air battles will resemble modern naval engagements in this respect. Planes will be firing at targets miles beyond vision. Dogfights will be a thing of the past. Air tactics will be boiled down to a one-pass business. It is quite possible that neither pilot will see the other as he passes because the combined speeds of the planes will equal, if not surpass, the speed of a rifle bullet.

Devising new air fighting tactics so that effective military use can be found for the jet's speed advantage has been given top priority in the AAF. It was recently revealed that no jet has been able to fire rockets or cannon successfully under combat conditions. A P-80 jet fighter, traveling at more than 500 m.p.h., opened up on a ground target with the new 60-caliber machine gun. Despite the new weapon's improved cyclic rate of fire, which is double that of the old fifties, the terrific speed of the P-80 scattered its bullets 50 feet apart over the target area. The Germans, who were first with the jet in World War II, slowed up their planes before firing. However, this made them vulnerable to even the average-speed airplane and cut down on the element of surprise. In

its overhaul of aerial tactics, the Army hopes to give its super-speedy planes the punch without sacrificing the speed.

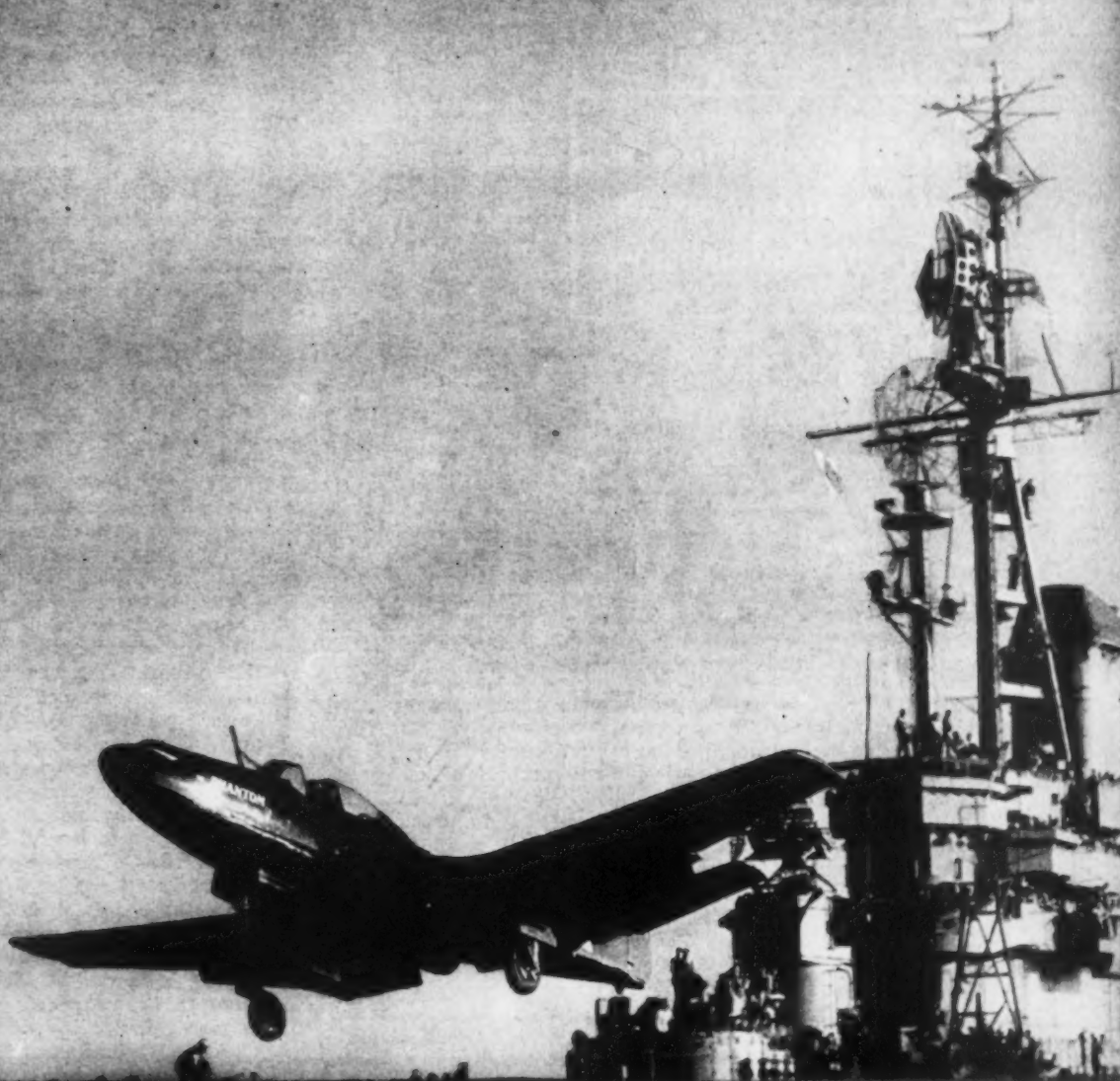
G strain is not a new problem. It's product, blackout, was one of the major difficulties in flying the 300-mile-an-hour propeller fighters during World War II. But tremendous speeds will greatly increase the problem. The symbol "G" stands for an individual's normal weight, the normal gravitational pull on him. Nine G's, or nine times his normal weight, is the maximum he can endure in the seated position and still retain consciousness. Even this can be applied for only a very short time. G strain is applied either by pulling out of dives, or in making turns where centrifugal force comes into play.

In studying blackout, technicians place subjects in a machine resembling a carnival whip, a cab whirled on the end of a revolving arm. The effects of tangential G strain, from chest to back, is observed by means of television. Just before blackout occurs the subject's eyes become lusterless and his features sag into the lines of old age. Because the experience is painless it is the more treacherous. It has about it the quality of a mickey finn.

Research has produced several partial solutions. One is the G suit which is worn like a pair of coveralls. Built-in inflatable abdominal and leg bladders keep the blood from pooling in the lower sections of the body. The suit when used in conjunction with certain self aids such as screaming and straining, will raise the ordinary pilot's G strain resistance two full points.

Mechanical failures are among the problems of high-altitude flight. Cosmic rays and other solar radiations seriously affect a plane's electrical equipment at heights above 35,000 feet. A radio which works perfectly on the ground runs amok in the stratosphere. Flight instruments depending upon electrical power are rendered practically useless. From all points of view, piercing the supersonic is an expert's business requiring precision planning. The fact that a dent so small it might go unnoticed, or a smudge left by a careless airdale's footprint on a wing, will cut a jet plane's performance by from 10 to 15 m.p.h. is proof enough that the smallest details cannot be overlooked.

The future of jet propulsion in the Navy is dependent upon its adaptability to carriers. The Phantom made five smooth take-offs and landings aboard the huge *Franklin D. Roosevelt* last summer and took a wave-off for good measure. It was long a question as to whether the jet engine's slow reaction to acceleration and deceleration would permit it to make such a maneuver. Although a great number of changes will be necessary to accommodate the high speed planes to the flattops, naval technicians are already collecting facts toward the day of complete conversion. Both air crew and ground crew personnel will have to be retrained, operation and maintenance facilities remodeled, and in some particulars the flattops themselves will have to be re-equipped. But despite cost or trouble, the jet is the thing, and no branch of our military service feels it can afford to be without it. **END**



The FXD-1 Phantom was the Navy's first completely jet-powered plane to successfully carry out its carrier qualification tests. The XFD-1

is shown as it takes off from the giant carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*. This awkward looking plane possesses a top speed of over 500 m.p.h.

by Karl A. Schuon



too many brothers

RUSTY had always wanted a brother but somehow it had never happened. An imaginary one would be better than none, he reasoned; so he created one in his mind. And before long he began to realize that the brother he had created possessed a raft of possibilities.

He wanted him to be the best brother in the world and, of course, the most satisfactory way of doing that was to make him a Marine. You see, Rusty wanted to enlist in the Corps, but he wasn't old enough. The next best thing was to dream about his "brother" in greens while he went to school and awaited his 17th birthday.

This turned out to be unsatisfactory. After all, when your brother is stationed at a far-flung Marine post, maybe in China or Japan, you ought to get letters from him. This was an angle Rusty had overlooked, but he went to work on it immediately.

One morning in April, 1947, *Leatherneck's* Sound Off editor found the following note among his mail:

"Sirs:

I have always liked the Corps and plan to join it when I become of age. But until then I would like to write to some

Dreams come true - but Rusty

discovered that the expensive thing

about them is their upkeep

of the fellows who are in and are overseas. Especially, some Marine who doesn't get many letters and would like some Stateside mail.

In my mind I have created the brother I never had, who joined the Corps and is now overseas. If I could write to someone like that, it would make my dream come true.

To any fellows who would care to correspond with me, I would write often and send them papers, magazines and other such reminders of back home.

I am 16 years old.

Rusty Leidner

507-09 Oriental Avenue
Atlantic City, N. J."

The letter was published in the May issue of *Leatherneck* with this brief editor's comment:

"We appreciate your sincere interest in the Corps and feel sure that a Marine somewhere will write to you."

Soon after this had appeared, a letter arrived at Rusty's house from a Marine stationed on Guam. It was a warm, friendly letter, filled with *esprit de corps*, the rugged details of boot camp at Parris Island and information about the writer. It concluded with this postscript:

"P.S. Oh, yeah, I'm in the Marine Air Corps, First Air Wing. Enclosed is our insignia. Just call me your brother that you created in your mind, if you want to."

Rusty became one of the happiest guys in the world. At last his imaginary brother had come to life and was writing to him. He seemed all set.

Then more letters began to drop into his mailbox and he answered all of them promptly. He was learning a lot of things about the Corps. Many of the Marines who wrote had received "Dear John" letters. In answer to these, Rusty was appropriately sympathetic. There were letters from fellows who had been turning out for mail calls for two years and had never received anything. Answering these brought both pleasure and satisfaction.

In a few weeks, though, Rusty was beginning to realize that he had more brothers than he could afford to handle. He had even picked up a few sisters. Overseas mail arrived from Tientsin, Tsingtao, Guam, Hawaii, Oahu, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Alaska, the Canal Zone, Tokyo, Kwajalein, Manus Island, Midway, Trinidad, England and from the USS's *Dayton*, *Palau* and *Topeka*. Stateside letters came from Parris Island, Cherry Point, Camp Lejeune, Corpus Christi, Tex., Earle, N. J. and St. Albans, Long Island, N. Y.

When he counted the letters on hand from Marines, girls whose brothers were Marines, girls who wrote to Marines, a British woman Marine, a British WAC, a soldier and a sailor, he found that they totaled 125. Answers to these would require more stationery and postage than Rusty could afford to buy out of the small allowance with which he was operating.

He began to worry. He remembered the lonely Marines who hadn't had a letter for two years and he decided on a drastic action. He wrote to President Truman outlining his stationery and stamp difficulties.

His letter made the usual rounds. A secretary to the President forwarded it to the Secretary of the Navy who, in turn, passed it on to Marine Headquarters, and from there the letter was sent to *Leatherneck*. *Leatherneck* immediately took the only action open to it—writing Rusty for the full particulars and weaving the information into this story.

We are happy to report that Rusty has been supplied with stationery and stamps, and his "brothers" will be hearing from him again just as soon as he can catch up with the stack of letters which has accumulated.

Rusty hopes to become a Marine sometime in January, 1948. He will celebrate his 17th birthday on December 7, 1947. **END**

THE OLYMPIC YEAR



BILL MARTINESON

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**Competition Will Be
Keen For America's Big Team**



NEXT year, from July 29 to August 14, a casualty of the war will be revived. It seems reasonably safe to say that this casualty is an event that most of the younger generation has barely heard of. We speak of the pending XIV Olympiad which is scheduled, barring more wars, for the famed Wembley Stadium in London, England.

The Olympics is a quadrennial affair of the athletic field that thrives only in peace. The ancient version was first held in 776 B.C., starting out more or less as a ceremonial affair to honor the spirits of the recently departed who, according to the next of kin, lingered in the neighborhood instead of rising to the warriors' Valhalla, as one would suppose.

In those days Greece was made up of sectional tribes whose chiefs, used to making arrangements for everything, set aside certain days for the ceremonies. It was decided that, since the old boys who had passed on were athletically inclined, they would be most entranced by a galaxy of sports and so the entertainment leaned in that direction.

But competition does funny things to people. Soon the ancient Greeks were inclined to forget the dear departed and to put the accent on perfection

THE OLYMPIC YEAR (cont.)



Bill Moore, Northwestern University's potential candidate for an Olympic pole vault berth wins the event at the NCAA meet in Salt Lake City. Moore clears the bar at 14 feet in the collegiate meets

in performance. Things went from good to better until, finally, the contests became serious sports tournaments held every four years. That is where the games got their name; Olympiad is Greek for the four-year period between games.

The fame of the Olympiad spread. It got to be the big time of sports. Competitors came from all over the country and the tribes were abandoning the murderous spear to take up the sporting javelin. The result was a great, united Greece. In the beginning only Greeks competed. Then, after a century or two had slipped past, things got out of hand—for the Greeks. Outsiders muscled in, someone got his toes trampled on and the inevitable battle followed. When the smoke cleared there were the Romans, in control. They had picked up all their brass and were firmly ensconced in the driver's seat, cracking the long, black whip. Lacking a word for the situation, the Greeks resignedly became a very small part of the Roman Empire.

The games were continued by their new managers, but sportsmanship didn't hold up in the old way. Greek historians assert there were those among the Romans who were not adverse to taking a dive or pulling up lame—for a price. That was the bad part of it; it was done on a wholesale basis, and the money-grabbing sporting men smelled up the various stadia with inept performances. The Greeks were shocked no end, just as some of our present-day prexies are horrified that a star back should leave the home team for a \$6000 berth on one of the better professional clubs.

The Olympiad of 392 A.D. rang down the curtain on a long stretch of posterity. The Roman Emperor, Theodosius, called the whole thing off. The centuries whirled by until the year 1892 rolled up on the calendar and a new character, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, showed on the time machine. Baron de Coubertin was a French athletic enthusiast who began stomping for a revival of the games.

During the next two years enough interest was aroused so that the first modern Olympiad was held, in 1896, in Athens where the ancient games had ended 1500 years before. They have been regularly held, between wars, ever since. The games were a war casualty in 1916, and again in 1940, when Japan, scheduled to be the host country, had previous battle commitments in China. In 1944, Finland, a

nation that had furnished some of the greatest long distance runners and javelin throwers of all time, was forced to cross them off her agenda. She was playing war games with the Russians. Helsinki was to have been the site.

At a recent meeting of the International Olympic Committee, Finland was again awarded the games, this time for the XV Olympiad, in 1952, with Helsinki the favored city. The U. S. lost out by a narrow margin, principally because U. S. delegates voted like a bunch of amateurs. Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit and Minneapolis were the four favored cities of different voting representatives. Instead of agreeing on one of these cities before walking into the lion's den, thereby assuring the games for somewhere in the States, they insisted on voting for their favorite intra-American site. The American cities got one vote apiece. All any other city needed to beat them was two.

The modern Olympics are made up of nearly every conceivable sport. The Winter Games include speed skating, figure-skating, skiing, and bobsledding. The summer program consists of track and field events, swimming, rowing, boxing, wrestling, shooting, etc. The track and field championships are by far the most popular and most generally associated with things Olympic. There are probably some Marines around, though, who remember Sergeant Morris Fisher. Fisher won the individual rifle championship in 1920 and 1924.

Over the years the U. S. has more or less dominated the field in acquiring the olive wreaths for its victories. While there is no team title—all championships are individual—the records indicate that America, if points were awarded for individual wins, would be at the top in team titles won.

Practically all the track and field men comprising the American team participating in any Olympiad are collegians. This department is one that calls for a rigid training regimen and proper facilities, usually available only at colleges and universities. There are exceptions, of course, but one will usually find these exceptions using the training facilities of an alma mater or an adopted institution.

The crop of prospective track and fieldsters that will make up the nucleus of next summer's team is just as promising as it has been every time the Olympic year rolls around.

For those who have been wondering who would replace the fabulous Jesse Owens, the former Ohio State sprinter and winner of three individual titles in the last games, let us look westward to Dean Cromwell's romping grounds at the University of Southern California. The old master has turned up another sprinter, one who will make the loyal Trojan alumni forget all about the capers of their Frankie Wykoff of 15 years ago. This new sensation, "Pell" Mel Patton, has equalled the world record mark of 0:9.4 seconds for the 100 on three occasions this year. Cromwell nursed him nicely through some muscle trouble and you can be assured this lad, whom Dean calls the greatest sprinter he has ever seen, will be ready for the big show.

Backing up Patton on the West coast are two other fair country sprinters, Don Anderson, University of California and Don Smalley, of San Jose State. Both are capable of 0:9.7. The mid-west and south can offer Bill Mathis, of Illinois, winner of the Big 9 century dash in 0:9.6 and the National AAU 100-meter ribbon in 0:10.5, and Chuck Peters, Indiana U, who has run more second-place 0:9.6's than anyone else. Peters is sure to be a contender. Charley Parker and Allen Lawler, Texas U lads, both have 0:9.6's to their credit. Lawler won the AAU junior sprint title in 0:10.3, a tenth of a second short of the record. The blond footballer also came back to take the 200-meter medal in the very creditable time of 0:21.4.

Another Texan, Bill Martineson, a former Marine from Baylor U, winner of the Southern Border Olympics, and the Drake Relay century dashes, has a swift 0:9.6 to show. Coming up the East coast there is Ed Carey, speedster of the New York Pioneer Club, who won the Metropolitan AAU short sprint with a windless 0:9.6; Little Joe Cianciabella, Manhattan U; Paul Cowie, Penn, and Ira Kaplan, NYU, can show clippings with a 0:9.7 printed thereon.

Shove these men into the 200-meter race and we will be well protected there, too. Patton has turned in a 0:20.4 and a 0:20.7 against top-flight competition and was once beaten by Wisconsin's LaBeach, who had to turn on another 0:20.7 to do it. Add to the original group Barney Ewell, ex-Penn State sprinter. Competing for 10 or 11 years in the major meets around the country, and probably feeling his age, old Barney is limiting himself these days to 200 meters and is still able to win most of his races. He made it 0:21. flat, in taking the National AAU title. Perry Samuels, of Texas, likes the longer sprint, and, if you're short of starters, Bob Schepers, Michigan State, and Homer Gillis, NYU, are capable of slipping in now and then for top points.

Before going on, perhaps it would be best to explain that all distances in the Olympics are metric, whereas in the U. S. all races are gauged by yards and miles, excepting only the National AAU meet. Out of deference to the International AAU body, that command performance uses the metric system in all but the field events. The comparable distances are so close, however, that the performer notices no difference in anything but the grinding 5000 and 10,000-meter runs.

The best quarter-miler in the country today, Herb McKenley, of Illinois' national champs, will not be available to the U. S. for the big games. He's from Jamaica, British West Indies, and will compete for the British. It is hard to figure and impracticable to even think who might beat him. Holder of the world record for that distance, he has twice this year traveled the route in 0:46.2, the record time.

There's a small, select group who will keep McKenley pushing to match the record in practically every race, however. Dave Bolen, dusky Colorado speedster, has been under 0:47 seconds on occasion, running second to the tall Jamaican. George Guida, of Villanova, is another of the close-up chasers. Others include Dick Bourland, Los Angeles A. C., and Ohio States' Mal Whitfield, winner of the AAU junior 400 meter title in 0:47.4. Teammates Ed Porter and ex-Marine Bob Little also must be considered contenders.

The half-mile, or 800-meters, has a gang of prospects who should make the finals a first class rat-race. Reggie Pearman, NYU, likes that distance best, as his 1:50.9 in the Lincoln, AAU meet indicates. It was in this race that the aforementioned Whitfield, winner of the previous day's 400-meter junior title, came back strong to finish a close second. Pearman has a couple of 1:51.5's for the collegiate 880-yard event, but he had to bow to Ohio State's Bill Clifford and his powerhouse-kick finish at the National Collegiate meet when the Buckeye lad



Tom Dicky, L. S. U. (right) is in the fast company of Jerry Thompson of Texas U., one of the best collegiate two-milers



Fred Johnson of Michigan State rolls up a few points in the broad jump. Johnson is a former Montford Point Marine

turned loose a 1:50.8 to take first. Following Clifford closely across the line in that race was Jack Dianetti, of Michigan State. A darkhorse who may bear watching is Tarver Perkins, a Cherokee lad who snagged the AAU junior 800-meter title with a 1:51.8. Perkins runs out of Northern Illinois Teachers College.

For some reason the mile run seems to excite more people witnessing a track meet than any other race. At this date it is hard to see a field of men who can compare to the group that made up the 1936 American Olympic contingent—Glenn Cunningham, Gene Venske, Walter Mehl, Chuck Fenske and little Archie San Romani. Yet even with that outstanding group of milers, we failed to win the 1500-meter in the XI Olympiad at Berlin. New Zealand's Jack Lovelock scrambled home in 3:47.8, pacing the flock.

With one exception, this year's crop is only fairly good, but not good enough. The exception, of course, is the Flying Parson, Gil Dodds, who has an indoor mark of 4:07 and an outdoor 4:09.2, garnered at Brookline, Mass., in the New England AAU meet. Dodds, who is taking post-graduate work at little Wheaton College, did not choose to compete in the national meet at Lincoln, Neb. There is no telling what time he is capable of achieving. There is no one who at present can push him to his top form.

The best college mark of the year was turned in by Gerry Karver of Penn State. He got a 4:12.7 at the IC4A meet in Philadelphia. Others close to Karver are Bob Rehberg, Illinois, with a 4:14.6, and Freshman Ross Browning, Villanova, with a 4:16. The ex-collegian crowd around New York has done a bit better. Tommy Quinn and Bill Hulse, New York A. C., are crowding the top, with Quinn's 4:12.5 the best outdoor mark. Les MacMitchell, their teammate and former NYU star, has not been able to attain his pre-war form since his homecoming from the Navy.

Bill Berger, Columbia; Dianetti, Michigan State; Mack, Drake U., and Don Gehrman, Wisconsin freshman, are the young 'uns who may come through by next year. Gehrman won the AAU junior title in the 1500 meters with a creditable 3:57.3, and finished third behind Karver and Mack the following day in the senior jaunt. Now, and from here, it looks as if it'll have to be Dodds or nobody.

The two-mile grind has only three men who, at present, could run a representative race. Forrest Efaw, ex-Oklahoma distance runner, has a 9:11 under his belt and won the AAU 3000-meter steeplechase in a not bad 9:32.5. Efaw, however, is classed as an old-timer in this game, and there is no telling when he may fold up. Little Jerry Thompson, Texas U., and Curt Stone, of Penn State, may be the darkhorses the coaches are praying for. Although Stone has the best collegiate time of the year with a 9:11, Thompson, under adverse weather conditions in the National Collegiate meet, managed to sneak home in front with a 9:22.9. Backing up these two brilliant prospects are John Twomey, Illinois; Ed O'Toole, Manhattan; Dick Hall, Navy, and Arm Osterberg, NYU.

This field of two-milers is the only source for our entrants in the 5000 and 10,000-meter races. The two-mile run is the longest regularly scheduled distance jaunt in the average American track meet. In the Olympics the U. S. contestants will have to adjust their pace to the longer meter races. The outlook is bleak. The U. S. has never come up with really outstanding entries for these two events, and never has had a winner in either. The first, 5000 meters, is slightly more than three miles. The 10,000-meter race averages about six and a quarter miles. The Swedes and Finns have monopolized these jogs year after year.

In the States these events are scheduled only at the yearly AAU meet and this year's contest didn't turn up anything even average. Curt Stone and Jerry Thompson finished one-two in the 5000 at Lincoln, Stone in 15:02.7, some forty-odd seconds slower than the Olympic record held by Sweden's Gunnar Hockert, who did 14:22.2 in the 1936 show. The longer race was taken by Eddie O'Toole in 33:28.3, with Harris Ross, Jersey club runner, second. In the third spot was Don Lash, 1936 Olympic veteran and a former Indiana U great. The winning time here was about three and a quarter

Records established at domestic contests will determine the roster

minutes slower than the Olympic record of 30:11.4, set in the 1932 games at Los Angeles by Janusz Kusocinski of Poland.

In the marathon, an appetite-building jog of 25 miles and 365 yards, we have had only one winner, when little Johnny Hayes staggered across the tape in 1908. The 1936 winner was a Korean, Kitei Son, representing Japan. Son is still competing and coaching a couple of other Koreans in the same event. Recently, members of our occupying forces in Korea sent Son and his proteges to the U. S. to compete in the annual Boston Marathon. Son didn't run himself, but one of his pupils showed his appreciation by winning first place, finishing away out in front of the field. This performance indicates Korea will win the olive wreath again, even if the GIs have to chip in again to send them to London.

There has been much said about the rigid training and diet the Finns and Swedes use in preparing for the long races. The distances seem too tough for our softer way of life, say some. To this writer, that is simply bilge water. If we can get our runners in good enough condition to run near-record time in the two-mile race, why not a longer one? The only time American runners compete at the greater distances is once a year at the National AAU, and during the Olympic trials every four years. With none of these races scheduled for the many collegiate and district AAU meets each spring and summer, how can anyone expect any of the runners to be in condition to meet the highly trained foreigners.

The cross-country running indulged in by most colleges in the fall is performed with one idea in mind, to get their milers and two-milers in condition for the coming indoor season. Once they have become attuned for two miles, that's as far as any of them can go. Why aren't the longer races included in regularly scheduled track meets? The alibi is

THE OLYMPIC YEAR (cont.)

that it would slow down the tourneys, and bore the customers. That is some more of the same bilge water. Any track and field fan who has taken the trouble to go to a meet is interested in seeing any kind of a race. So, to expedite the running of the meets, and to "please the fans", the top-distance races are omitted and the U. S. goes without any decent representation at the Olympics in this category.

On the other hand, it is almost traditional that the Olympic hurdle race at 110-meters will go to the U. S. Only once since the start of the modern games have we lost the wreath. That was in 1920, when E. J. Thomson of Canada skipped to the title. Again we can lean back and expect to have adequate representation next year.

Harrison Dillard, out of little Baldwin-Wallace College, has been monopolizing most of the firsts in both the 110 and 220-yard races. Twice this year he has gone under 14 seconds. In the National

Collegiate A. A. met he won in 0:14.1 on a heavy track, and at Lincoln in the AAU 110-meters he came home in 14 seconds flat. Bill Porter of Northwestern is close behind, having hit 0:14.1 on a couple of occasions. Long Craig Dixon, UCLA timber top- per, will be pushing both. He managed a 0:14. trip in the Big 9-Pacific Coast meet. Al Snyder, Stanford; Tom Mitchell, Indiana; Augie Erfurth, Rice Institute and Lloyd Duff, Ohio State, should make up the rest of the field. Since there is no 200-meter hurdle in the Olympics, this field can concentrate on the shorter race.

The 400-meter hurdle, run in the U. S. only at certain relay races and the National AAU meet, is a big question mark. Although the U. S. has been a consistent Olympics winner in this event, it seems it can never find a close-to-record runner until the final try-outs. During the years between, the winning marks aren't even average. So far this year the record isn't impressive. Walter Smith, Los Angeles A. C., took the AAU meet at Lincoln with a 0:52.3; Roy Cochran, who ran for Indiana

years ago, was five yards behind in about 0:53. Hofacre, Minnesota, and Jeff Kirk, Penn., made a slight impression. One can look for some of the natural quarter-milers, who know they haven't a chance to make the team in the flat race, to convert to the hurdles and in that crop may come the prospect who will carry the Stars and Stripes to first place.

The high-jump situation is again most favorable. Bill Vessie, Columbia leaper, has the best mark of the year with a 6 feet 8 inch jump. Just under him is Chuck Hanger, California Bruin, with a go-over of 6 feet 7 and 1/8 inches in the Big 9-Pacific Coast Conference dual meet. In the AAU junior title jump, Tom Scofield, Kansas U., managed to scoot over one-eighth of an inch under 6 feet 7. Next comes old Dave Albritton, former Ohio State star, now operating out of Dayton, another of those perennials. A member of our 1936 aggregation, he still had enough spring in his long, spindling legs to take the national AAU title with a 6 feet 6 inch leap.

A very bright aspect of the national meet was the appearance of Les Steers, representing the Multnomah A. C. of Portland. This former Oregon U jumper, holder of the present world record mark of 6 feet 11 inches, made in 1941, was not in the best of condition, but he still managed a 6 feet 4 inch hop. If Steers can work himself back into top jumping condition, he should be in a class by himself. Dwight Eddleman, of Illinois, who is capable of 6 feet 6 inches, will bear watching. Irv "Moon" Mondschein, NYU, leading candidate for the U. S. decathlon title, went over the bar at 6 feet 6 and 1/2 inches in the Metropolitan AAU meet. He is expected however to devote most of his energies to getting ready for the all-around title.

Experts think, and his records this year bear them out, they have found Jesse Owens' successor in the broad jump. Lithe Willie Steele, San Diego State College, took the national collegiate title with a tremendous leap of 26 feet, 6 inches, only 2 1/4 inches below Owens' world mark. He has consistently bettered 25 feet and is the leading candidate by far. Ex-Montford Point Marine Fred Johnson went out for 24 feet 7 3/8 inches in the IC4A meet; Wright, of Wayne University has cleared 25 feet; LaMois, Minnesota, on occasions has been well over the 24 foot mark, with Paul Miller, Purdue, close on his

Collegiate training

heels. Those five competitors should make the U. S. a powerhouse in that event.

It wasn't so long ago that a 52 footer in the shot-put would take a first place in any tournament. Now, a heave of that length may take a fourth or fifth, if some of the others are having a bad day. Take the National Collegiate meet this year at Salt Lake City. Bernie Mayer, former Marine from NYU, tossed the iron ball 54 feet and 1/2 inch, and just barely squeezed into fourth place. Chuck Fonville, Michigan, was hot and pushed his best toss out to the 54 foot 10 and 7/8 inch mark. Norm Wasser, Illinois, was second with 54 feet 3 inches, and Fortune Gordien, Minnesota, took third with his best put of the year, a 54 foot two and 1/4 inch throw. Others who made prodigious heaves during the year are "Moose" Thompson, Los Angeles A. C., with 54 feet 4 and 1/2 inches; J. Delaney, San Francisco Olympic Club, and Jerry Shipkey, UCLA, both with 53 feet 2 and 3/4 inches. How strong can an outfit get in any one event?

The discus heave is another event in which the prospective coaches will have nothing to worry about. Bob Fitch, ex-Minnesota athlete and former Coast Guardsman, has the world record under his belt. He managed that last year with a toss of 180 feet 2 and 3/4 inches. This year he has had a couple of throws of around 178 feet. Minnesota's Gordien, Fitch's teammate, overtook him in the national meet with an effort of 173 feet 3 inches, his best toss to date. The third best heave of the year was made by another Minnesotan, Byrl Thompson, who took third place in the Nationals with 166 feet 5 inches. This is a tip-off on who probably will coach the Olympic team weight men. Jim Kelly, the Gopher track mentor, developed all three of these men, and they are the only ones with enough creditable performances to rate a place on the team.

In the absence of world record holder Cornelius



Bob Fitch, ex-Minnesota athlete, holds the world's discus record

Warmerdam, the pole-vaulters are back to the so-called "low" 14-foot level, and then only on good days. Warmerdam, the first 15-foot leaper, and consistent at that height, has been ruled ineligible by AAU authorities for, of all things, coaching a track team. Here is a man who isn't allowed to make a living at his chosen profession, teaching school, without making a great sacrifice at the altar of the unsullied AAU.

Of the present vaulters, Dick Morcom, New Hampshire U, with a year's best collegiate pull-up of 14 feet 3 inches, leads the field. Guinn Smith, San Francisco Olympic Club, has gone 14 feet 6 inches on one occasion, but bowed to Morcom in the Nationals, which was won at 14 feet even. Ray Kring, College of the Pacific, and a teammate of Smith's, has gone 14 feet. Bob Richards, Illinois, and Bill Moore, Northwestern, have been alternating for first place in the collegiate meets with heights of 14 feet.

A welcome and sentimental sight this year was the appearance of Earl Meadows, San Antonio A. C., winner for the U. S. in the 1936 games. Although he entered the service in 1941, his vaulting doesn't seem to have suffered from a four year lay-off. Weighing the same as when he last competed and still only 31 years old, he seems to have regained his pre-war form. His best effort to date is 14 feet 3 inches, and a tie with Morcom in the Nationals, Morcom getting first place medal for having the least misses at the last height attained. Meadows' best pre-war height was 14 feet 11 inches, and his one ambition is to make it again.

Just when all the coaches and fans were getting ready to kidnap a Finn and pass him off as a bona-fide American, along comes one of our own, Steve Seymour, Los Angeles A. C., with a javelin toss of 248 feet 10 inches, the best American record in history. For years the Finns have been making every one else look silly with their record breaking throw. We've been far behind them with our best. The present record is 258 feet 2 and 3/8 inches, held by Yrjo Nikkanen of Finland.

Before that it was other Finns. Seymour's heave, while ten feet short of the record, is so much better than anything the U. S. has shown, that there is now a remote possibility we may have a "sleeper" victory. Seymour, by the way, is the former Sey-



"Pell" Mel Patton leads Bill Mathis, Illinois, to the tape in the NCAA 100-yard dash. Patton, U.S.C.'s answer to jet-power, has equalled the 0:9.4 world record mark three times this year

speed, comparable to that of a jog, the walker finds that he is swinging, swaying and bouncing whether he likes it or not. It is much harder on the human system than a running race. Fifty thousand meters is just short of 31 miles. The Olympic record for the distance is four hours, 30 minutes and 41.4 seconds. Most people couldn't ride a bicycle 31 miles in twice that time.

The running hop-step-and-jump event is one in which we've come close many times but haven't won

McKenley, world record holder in the 440, will probably pick up some points in the 200-meters as well as his favorite race. His teammate from Jamaica, Lloyd LaBeach, now schooling at Wisconsin U, an outstanding sprinter and broad-jumper, will cut into the point column. Doug Harris, from New Zealand, has marks of 0:47.6 in the 440; 1:50. in the 880, and to top that off, a 4:08 mile. He may be the man to watch for that much-talked-of four-minute mile.

facilities get a workout as the experts prepare for the trials

mour Cohen, who competed and schooled around Philadelphia for years. His performance in the Nationals seemed to inspire the veteran Martin Biles, Olympic Club, for he too got off a best effort of 226 feet. Likens, San Jose State and Bill Iannelli, Franklin and Marshall, are the only others who have consistently hit the 200-foot mark.

The Fred Tootell influence is still felt in old New England. His name and the hammer-throw are synonymous. Now coaching at Rhode Island State, he has developed more good hammer throwers than any other coach in the country. Tootell was America's first good, consistent hammer-thrower and was, for years, the world record holder.

Whenever the Olympiad rolls around, the coaches can always depend on Fred Tootell to furnish them with a first class iron-ball whirler. Even if the man didn't come from his school, you could get a safe bet that the thrower had had a few extra-curricular sessions under the tutelage of Bowdoin's favorite son. This year is no exception. Out of New England comes Bob Bennett, Brown University, with the year's best effort—180 feet 11 inches. Close behind is Sam Felton and his Harvard teammate, John Fisher, with tosses of 172 feet, 5 inches. New Hampshire offers Ed Styrna, who has achieved 170 feet 10 and 3/4 inches.

True to its short-haul form, the U. S. seems to be without anyone who is very good at the 50,000-meter walk. This is strictly an European event and the results of the 3000-meter walk in the AAU meet indicate the title will be kept in Europe without much trouble.

The leading American walkers are Ernest Weber, Art Fruauff and Max Eisen all of New York City. The event is properly nicknamed, "swing, sway and bounce" because that's exactly the impression one gets when watching the contestants. The rules state a man must walk on his heels and in getting up

since 1904. The last three Olympiad winners have been Japanese, with Naoto Tajima, setting the record in the 1936 games. U. S. coaches are probably not figuring on a Yankee entrant taking it next year. The best distance in the nationals this year was in the junior division where Bill Albans, of Elizabeth, N. J., got out for 46 feet. Tajima's mark was 52 feet, 5 and 7/8 inches. This is another event that no one in the States practices except during the Olympic year.

The decathlon, an iron-man stunt, made up of 10 standard events, has been won by Uncle Sam the last two times out. The contestants must compete among themselves in a track meet all their own, made up of the following events: the 100-meter dash, 110-meter high hurdles, 400-meter run, 1500-meter run, the broad jump, shot put, discus throw, high jump, pole vault and javelin throw. Points are awarded according to performance. The mean figures used for scoring were formerly based on the best performances in the 1912 games and decathlon. In the 1936 games, readjustments were made and a new system instituted. Glenn Morris won with a total of 7900 points.

Irv Mondschein, NYU's all around athlete, won this year's U. S. decathlon title for the third straight year, grossing 6715 points, 249 credits better than his 1946 performance, but still about 1200 short of the mark set by Morris. Lloyd Duff, Ohio State, was nosed out of first place by a scant 10 points, taking second for the second year in a row. Duff also improved his 1947 performance, accumulating 306 more points than he did last year. The only hope the coaches have of coming up with an Olympic winner in this man-killer is that Duff and Mondschein will show as much improvement next year as they did this year.

Most of America's competition in the flat races will come from the British Empire's entrants. Herb

Young Johnny Treloar, Australian speedster, has several marks of 0:9.6 in the century dash and, don't forget, "down under" they run their sprints on a grass track. On a cinder-path he should be at least two-tenths faster. Besides their many excellent distance runners, Sweden's Johansson, has been getting the hammer out for 185 feet too regularly to be ignored. A teammate, Ericsson, has been close behind on many occasions. Little Finland has come up again with another big javelin thrower in the person of Hyytainen. His best heave is 244 feet. You can see what kind of competition our boy Seymour is going to run into.

Uncle Sam's runners and fieldsters will be turnin' it on during the next eight months. Men unknown at this writing may come to the fore to upset all the expert dope. The final team trials are to be held on July 9 and 10 next year in Chicago. The qualifying trials have been limited to just two meets, the National Collegiate A. A. affair and the National Amateur Athletic Union meet.

Only six men from each event in each of these meets will qualify for the finals. This is a good idea because too many sectional trials can easily burn out the competitors before the big games get under way. On the other hand, if one of our better runners should come up with a bad day, which they all can produce now and then, he will be left out in the cold. Our hope is that competition will be so strong it won't make any difference... replacing one excellent man with another just as good.

It won't make any difference whether the qualifiers are renowned or unknown, they'll all be running, jumping and tossing on the same team when they get to Wembley. Many may have been on one of Uncle Sam's teams before, drafted for it by having their number pulled out of a large fish-bowl. But this time they'll have battled one another to make the coveted roster.

END



LAST MISSION

The long journey home for this nation's war
dead will begin this month





The first European repatriations are en route from the Henri Chapelle cemetery, one of those sites to be made permanent

by Sgt. Stanley T. Linn
Leatherneck Staff Writer

WHEN the Japanese had been beaten, the ships came back through the Golden Gate, bearing the sick and wounded, and the bands of a nation played welcome to them. This month the ships will be back again, but on a quieter, sadder mission. They will be carrying the bodies of men who didn't make it two years ago — the war dead, whose next of kin seek their repatriation for burial in U. S. soil, near to the homes and communities they left in the warring years.

On the 10th of this month the bodies of 3000 men will be brought into San Francisco, one of the two ports of entry in the program. These are Marines, soldiers and sailors who had been buried in the Hawaiian islands. Fifteen days later New York City, the east coast port of entry, will receive the bodies of 6300 who died in the ETO and were buried in the famous Henri Chapelle cemetery at Liege, Belgium. This will mark the beginning of the return of those Americans who fell in the world's second great war.

Now that the initial operations have commenced in Hawaii, and Belgium, work will proceed in Normandy, Brittany, Africa, Middle East, Mediterranean, the United Kingdom and in other sectors of the European area. Shortly thereafter, return of war dead will begin in the Caribbean area, Bermuda, Australia, the Solomons, Philippines, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, China, India and Burma. Operations in Alaska, Greenland, Iceland, and Newfoundland, will be begun, when the climate is favorable, in July.

In preparation for their return to the United States, bodies of the war dead must first be exhumed from their grave site, properly identified, casketed, and removed to collecting areas. Their means of conveyance to the staging areas for further transportation by Liberty ships to one of the two ports of entry will be determined by the location of the temporary cemetery in which they have been at rest. In the European area, trains and trucks will be put to use, while in the Pacific, Navy LSTs, performing their first peacetime role, will be put into action. These are being manned by personnel from all the branches of service.

The first contingent is on its way home after two years of peace in which there has been some controversy as to whether it would be advisable to return the bodies of men who died overseas. With many, the desire to have their sons and husbands buried at home is very strong and deep-rooted. Others prefer to leave them in the foreign lands over which they fought, sleeping with buddies beside whom they fought. A grateful U. S. government is providing beautiful and extremely well-kept cemeteries beyond the two oceans and, in Europe, families freed from the Nazi yoke are most fervently seeing to it that no white cross or Star of David is left unvisited.

"If the people at home could see the care being given these cemeteries," said General Dwight D. Eisenhower, in Luxembourg in 1946, "they would leave most of the war dead here."

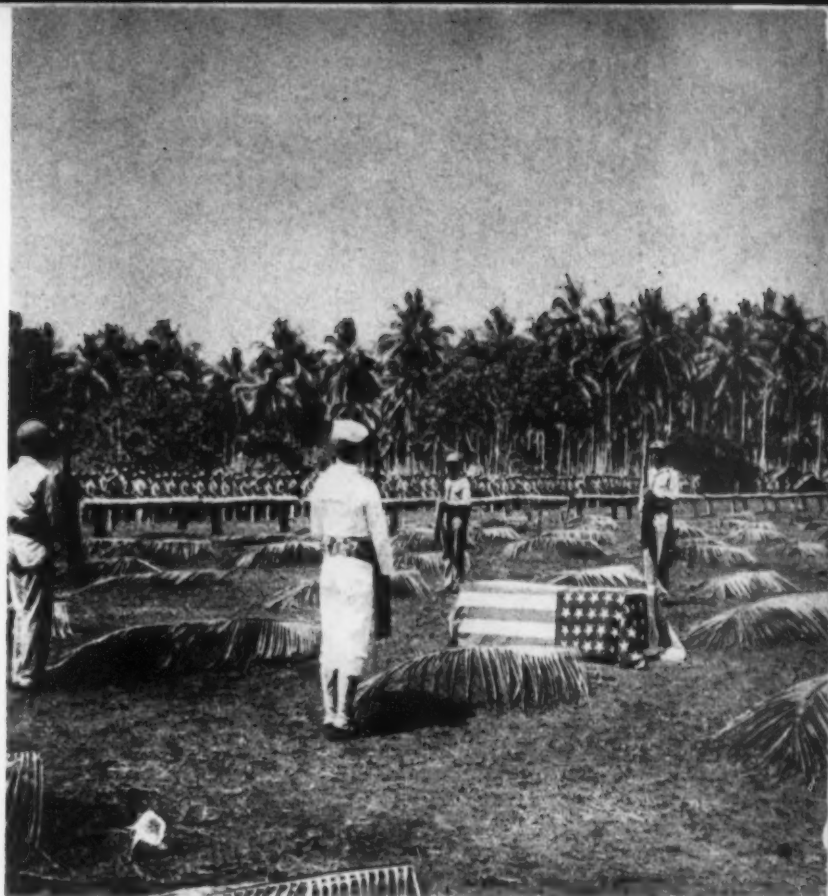
American families have been given their choice. Next of kin were sent letters asking: "Do you want your boy returned home?" There are four alternatives: Having their loved ones returned for internment in a private cemetery; in a national cemetery; burial in a permanent military cemetery overseas, or in a foreign country which is the birthplace of either the deceased serviceman or his next of kin.

A system of establishing the next of kin for purposes of making the decision has been set up. If the soldier was not married the parents have the right to choose, and more distant relatives follow in the order of their relationship. If the soldier was married, his wife is next of kin unless she had been divorced or separated prior to his death. In the latter case, children over 21 are given the right, and in the absence of children, more distant relatives. Sons and daughters have priority over brothers and sisters, for instance. All must be 21 and in every case the man rates first.

The Judge Advocate General of the Army has ruled that the right to decide on disposition of the war dead in a particular family may be relinquished but that, in the event of such a waiver, the right must pass on to the person next in line.

No sort of priority is being used in the returning of the soldier dead. They are being and will be shipped home when that is requested, in accordance with the War Department's operational schedules.

The shipments will be funneled through the two ports of entry to the one of the numerous distribution centers nearest the destination of each casket. Funeral trains made up of converted hospital cars will move the ships' cargoes inland to Seattle, Wash.;



On Guadalcanal, the earliest Marine battlefield, the graves were carefully shielded by palms, the best available cover

Mira Loma, Calif.; Ogden, Utah; San Antonio, Tex.; Fort Worth, Tex.; Kansas City, Mo.; Memphis, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Columbus, Ohio; Schenectady, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Atlanta and Charlotte, N. C., where the centers are located.

The War Department requests that next of kin do not meet the funeral trains at the distribution points. Relatives will be notified at home in plenty of time to make funeral arrangements. This will prevent confusion at the distribution centers, where, as the funeral trains are unloaded, a final inspection of each body will be conducted by the military authorities.

Military escorts will be provided for the deceased on the homeward journey from the distribution centers. These guards are being trained by their respective branch of service, and may be retained by the families for up to three days to help with preparations for properly conducted military services. Personnel of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard used in this work will be based at the dispersion points. Escorts will be of a rank equal to or higher than that of the deceased. All escorts will be provided with a flag of the United States to be placed on the casket for the funeral service. The flags are to be kept by the next of kin.

Present plans also contemplate escorts for civilian personnel who lost their lives while serving with the armed forces.

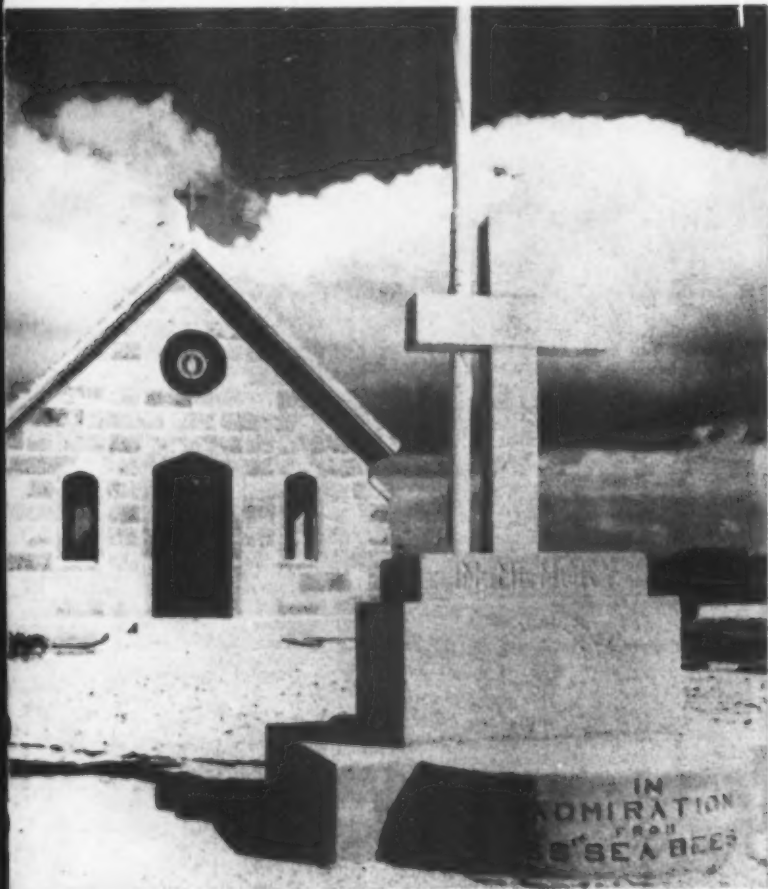
The cost of exhumation, of caskets and of transportation will be paid by the government in every case. Internment in military or national cemeteries will also be covered, and \$50 contributed toward burial in a private lot. On request by the next of kin, a standard approved type headstone or grave marker will be provided.

Arrangements for the return of deceased military and authorized civilian personnel should be made directly with the Quartermaster General of the Army. The Quartermaster General's office will also supply all pertinent information.

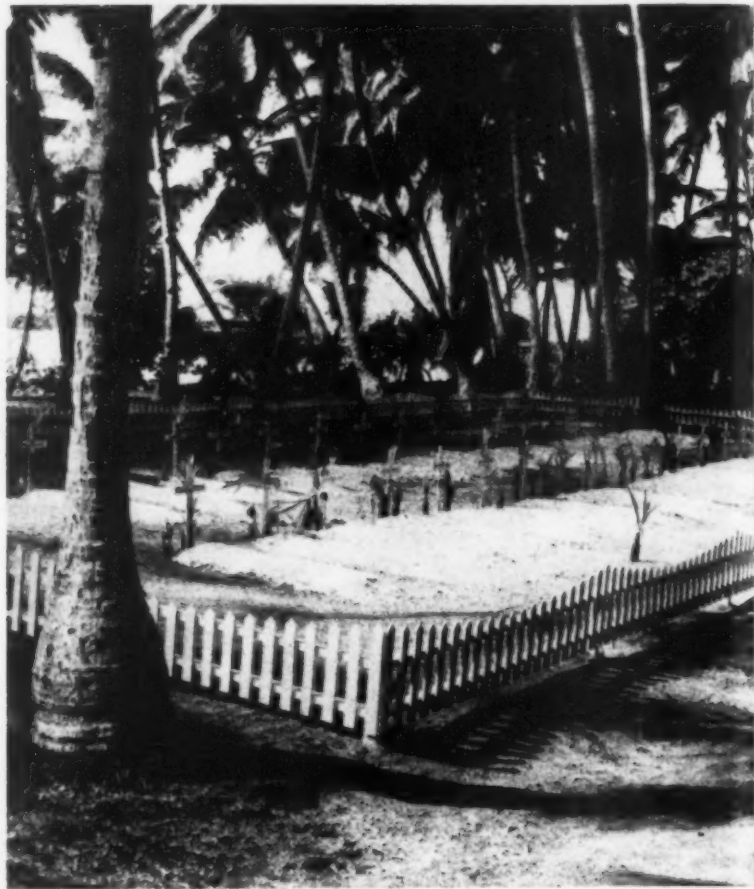
Extreme caution is necessary on the part of parents and widows of servicemen buried overseas before accepting offers of any groups of individuals

PHOTOS BY CORP. WILLIAM MELLERUP
LEATHERNECK STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
AND OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE
U. S. MARINE CORPS AND THE U. S.
ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

The Seabees, always pals of Marines in life, have not forgotten them in death. This monument is on Okinawa



This cemetery on Sarah Island in the Tarawa atoll was one of the smallest for Marines in the whole Pacific area



Cemeteries like this one of the Fourth Division on Saipan will soon be eliminated and the bodies moved elsewhere



The temporary cemetery at Agat, Guam, will be made a permanent site for our war dead in the central Pacific

In deep and everlasting appreciation of the heroic efforts of those who, in keeping their country free, made the supreme sacrifice in World War II, the entire nation has been dedicated to disposing of the mortal remains of those honored dead in a manner consistent with the wishes of their next of kin.

Harry Truman
President of the United States

to care for the graves, or propositions to return the bodies.

Care and return of the war dead is being handled *only* by the War and Navy Departments; no added service is necessary. One postwar group of racketeers is offering to care for the graves for a \$30 membership fee and \$5 monthly dues. A woman who had fallen for this reported that her second letter had come back "not at address given." While the motives behind some of these offers may be perfectly proper, instances such as this comprise the worst and most pitiless of all postwar money-making rackets.

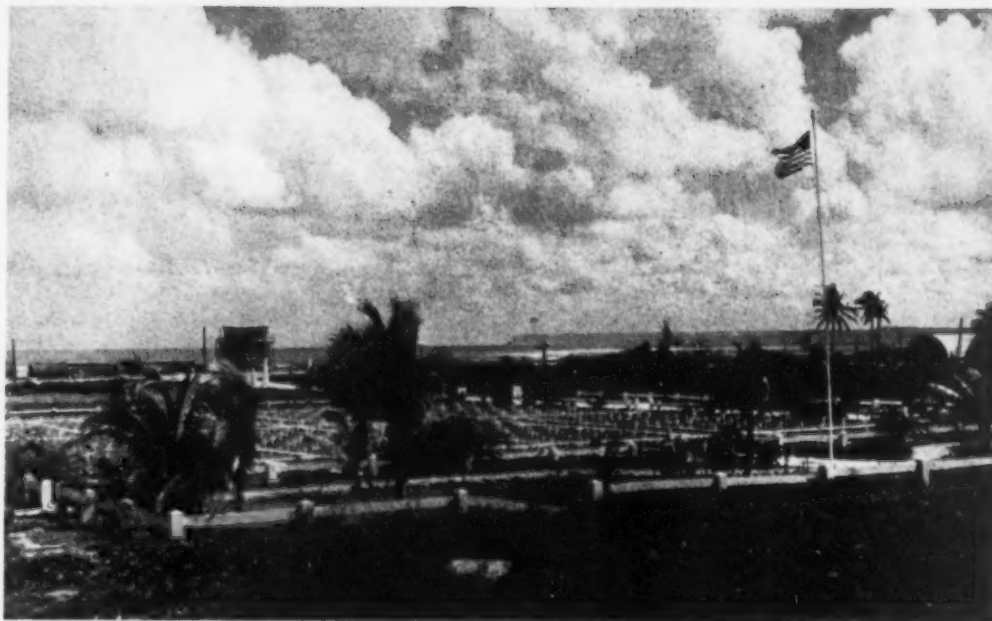
However, these offers are not to be confused with the care being given, on their own accord, by families in France, Holland and Belgium who had adopted thousands of U. S. servicemen's graves for which to care. These people ask for no payments. Once a week, usually on Sundays or holidays, they make a pilgrimage to the cemeteries, decorating the white markers with flowers and wreaths. They come by auto, bus, cart, bicycle and on foot to express their devotion to the men who paid the supreme sacrifice in liberating their soil.

Assistance needed to complete the papers for the return of war dead may be obtained from Special Service Officers at Marine Corps, Navy and Army posts, or from local Red Cross chapters.

The tremendous task of keeping track of U. S. fighting men as they fell in the several theatres of war began soon after the nation entered the conflict. The American Graves Registration Service Command was set up, and organized into teams of three to ten men whose job it was to follow the course of battle, seeing to it that proper identification went into the temporary grave of every man whose body they could find. A large part of this work was accomplished in a routine manner, but as war ended the AGRSC was confronted with not only establishing and maintaining permanent cemeteries but with searching out the bodies of airmen and members of patrols who died in out-of-the-way, often unknown places, or who were buried in temporary cemeteries without identification.

An enormous amount of detailed effort is going into the work, now, of identification. Skilled technicians are being employed. These must be well acquainted with the territory in which they are working, capable of speaking the local language and understanding the manners and thinking of farmers and townspeople upon whom they must depend to a great extent in finding unmarked graves in the woods, fields and mountains of Europe and the Pacific.

Despite the obstacles which confront the AGRSC a great number of isolated graves have already been located and the process is continuing with all possible speed. Every day headquarters of the various branches of the service receive names of servicemen whose grave marker has previously read "unknown." Once a grave is located, the team members check to see if it is marked with any identification. If it bears no markings, the body is disinterred and every effort made to establish identity. Relying on identification tags, jewelry, finger-prints, dental



Nothing of the Marines will soon be left on the island of Peleliu save this temporary cemetery. The small Marine garrison was withdrawn recently and the war dead will go to Manila or the States



In the shadow of Mount Suribachi on hard-fought Iwo Jima, Marines of the Fourth Division attend the dedication of their cemetery at the close of the battle. Fighting was still in progress on Okinawa



Not all burials could be made ashore in either the European or Pacific theatres of war. Here three Marines who died on Tarawa are mourned in services before their final commitment to the sea

LAST MISSION (cont.)

charts, anthropology, serial numbers of wrist watches, and any equipment found either in the grave or its vicinity, the search teams can usually make identity positive.

Investigation in any case is not given up until even the faintest clue has been exhausted. Many a war hero has been retrieved from the lists of the unknown through careful sifting of all available information. A tire skid mark on a lonely mountain road, leading to the identification of three men in a village churchyard, or the initials of someone else on a ring found with a body, are typical examples. Rings and other personal possessions, of course, play an important role, but the amount of time and labor necessary for making identification positive beyond all possible doubt is sometimes amazing.

One particularly interesting case was based solely upon a ring returned to a War Department office by a Marine captain who had been a Japanese POW. The ring bore a picture of a building, three initials, and the date "1937." Upon release from the prison camp at the end of the war, the Marine had received the ring from a Chinese cook at the camp. The cook told the captain that one of the prisoners, an American flier, whose name he could not remember, had handed the ring to the cook just before he was taken out to be executed, and had asked him to get it back to the United States. Beyond that there was nothing else.

The War Department sent the ring to a metallurgical laboratory for analysis. This disclosed that there were three jewelry manufacturers which used that particular alloy. Enlarged photographs were made of the ring and sent to the three factories concerned. One of the firms replied, confirming the fact that it had manufactured the ring and further disclosing that it was a graduation ring of a certain high school. A check of the school in question was made and from the initials in the ring the identity of the soldier was established through a list of the 1937 graduating class.

However, identification of the individual was only a part of the task in this case. It was still necessary to produce the grave. The Chinese cook was located and although he had not witnessed the execution he said he knew a Korean who had. When the Korean was finally found it was learned that he had watched the execution and the burial, and was able to lead the searchers to an isolated grave which was devoid of any marks of identification. A dental chart taken from the teeth checked with records made at the time of induction and proved that it positively was the body of the missing flier.

War and Navy Department officials stress that the searches will be conducted as long as there remains an area which might be productive of any information about American war casualties. Instructions have been given all AGRSC personnel involved in the search to be thorough and exacting so that positive identification may be made in as many instances as possible. The work may go on for years.

When the removal of U. S. war dead was begun, most of them had lain at rest in 280 overseas cemeteries. These were located as far north as Alaska; as far south as the Canal; as far west as China, and as far east as Europe. The largest of the temporary cemeteries for Americans is the one at Margraten, Holland, where there are 18,636 Crosses and Stars of David; the smallest is "Sleepy Lagoon" on Makin atoll in the Gilberts, where 21 lie at rest.

Returned servicemen may still carry in their minds a picture of bare graves, marked only by a helmet, rifle or rocks. This might have been true at one time, but since the days of battle the services have made the temporary military cemeteries overseas as beautiful as landscaping permits. Flowers, transplanted shrubs and trees, plus added topsoil and grass have transformed sections of old battlefields into vast shrines of green and white.

The casualties of World War II will bring about the establishment of four new national cemeteries, to be located at Honolulu, Hawaii; Juneau, Alaska; Guam, Marianas Islands; and San Juan, Puerto Rico. In addition to these, 14 temporary military cemeteries, laid out during the war, will become permanent. These are located at Cambridge, England; Margraten, Holland; Hamm, Luxembourg; Liege, Belgium; Neuville-en-Conde, France; St. Laurent, France; St. James, France; Epinal, France; St. Avold, France; Draguignan, France; Nettune, Italy; and Manila, Philippine Islands.

Florence, Italy, and Tunis in Tunisia, will be permanent military cemetery locations although

the exact sites have not yet been chosen by the Quartermaster General.

Once the permanent military cemeteries are completed overseas they will be cared for by the American Battle Monuments Commission, originally formed by Congress in 1923 for that purpose. The Office of the Quartermaster General has supervision over all national cemeteries in the United States and our possessions.

When all the dead from the temporary military cemeteries have been removed to the U. S. or to a permanent site overseas for final burial, the AGRSC will revert the abandoned cemetery land to its original state and return it to the proper owners. Once this has been accomplished small monuments will be erected to indicate the spots where American servicemen have lain at rest.

THE 397,917 servicemen and women who were killed in the second great war were buried temporarily in 80 different countries and on all of the seven continents. Their repatriation or overseas reinternment is not a new thing for the United States, but this, the fourth memorial program in the nation's history, is far and away the most extensive. The job was assigned by Congress to the War Department. The chief responsibility for the repatriation of men of all branches of the service rests with the Secretary of War. The Quartermaster General of the Army is in immediate charge.

Ever since the days of the Civil War, when Congress authorized the Quartermaster Corps to carry out the establishment of national cemeteries, our government has been conducting memorial programs. But the first one involving the removal of men from the graves of a foreign battlefield followed the Spanish-American war, when between 1899 and 1903, a space of four years, 6300 war dead were returned from the Philippines, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, China and other western points. The magnitude of the task for that day was reflected not so much in the number of repatriations as in the great distances involved.

After World War I, when our fatalities were a fifth of those in World War II, 46,310 bodies were returned and 30,907 left in the American military cemeteries which were established abroad. In addition, 624 were sent to the homelands of the deceased;

18 were buried in the Lafayette Escadrille Memorial in Paris, and 42 remained in their original resting places.

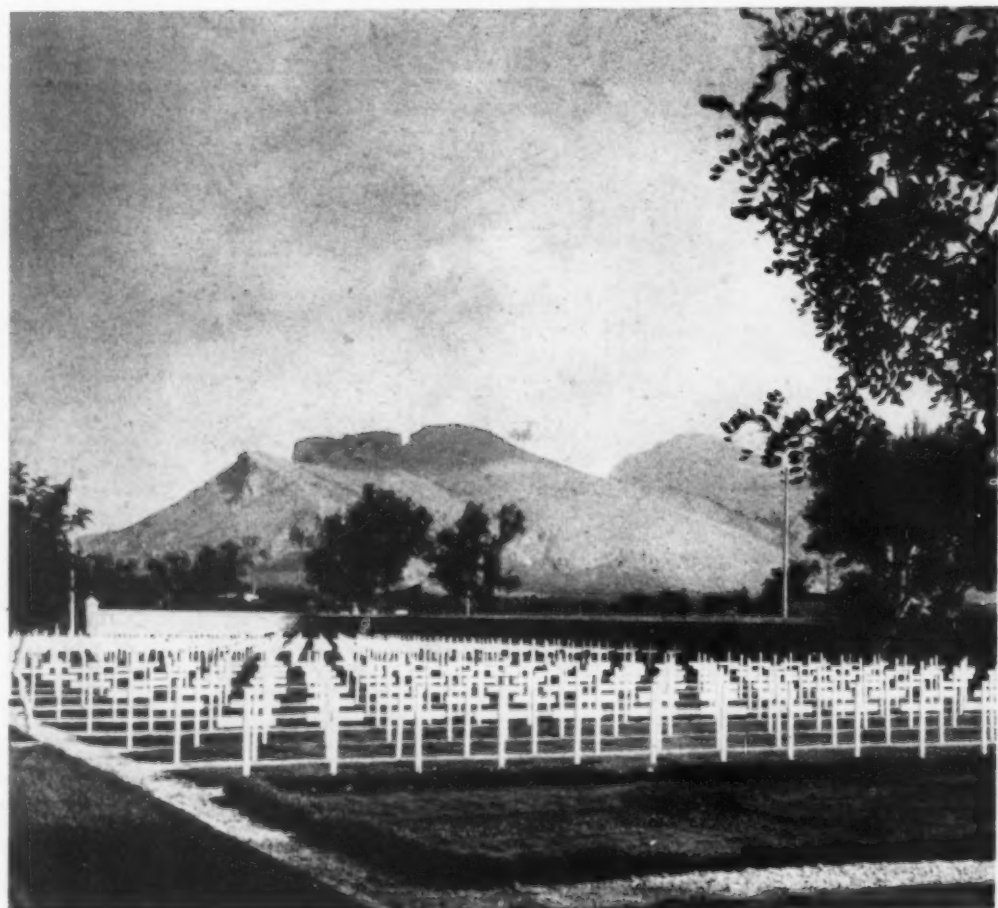
None of the eight permanent military cemeteries established in Europe after World War I will be used now. Of the eight, six are in France, one in Belgium and one in England. They provide a preview of the sort of care the U. S. government will provide for those of the World War II dead who are left overseas.

In each cemetery stands a memorial chapel, constructed beautifully of either pink marble, white stone, or limestone. To these chapels visitors may come for meditation and prayer. Marble columns and altars add to the beauty and restfulness of the interiors. The chapels contain reception rooms, where an American superintendent is present at all times to give whatever information and assistance is needed by those visiting the graves. Throughout the summer months long beds of roses, tulips and other flowers add their color to make these cemeteries the most beautiful in the world. Inscribed on the walls of every chapel are the names of American servicemen who lost their lives in the vicinity and now sleep in unknown graves.

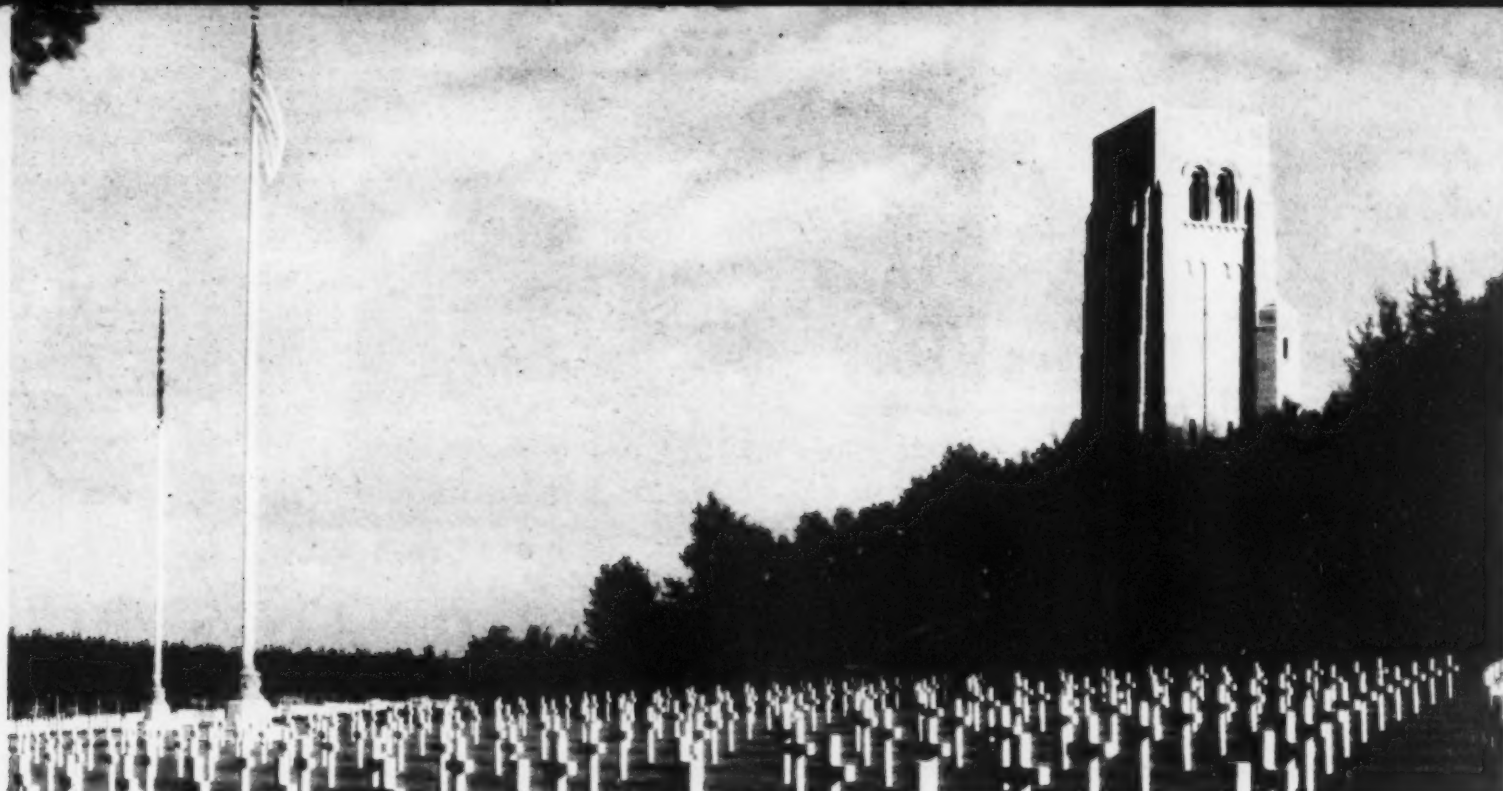
The 14 new permanent military cemeteries of World War II will be planned on much the same order as these. Internment will be made without distinction as to race, creed, color or rank.

Of this war's dead it is believed the families of approximately 228,000 deceased servicemen will want the bodies returned to this country for burial in a private or national cemetery. The remaining 72,000, by request of the next of kin, will be left overseas, with only a small percentage being buried in a foreign country that is the homeland of the deceased serviceman or his relatives.

Congress has allotted the War Department five years in which to complete the repatriation program, although it is believed all the dead of this war will have either been returned to the United States or placed in a permanent military cemetery overseas within three years. In the event, for some cause or other, the American Graves Registration Service has difficulty in completing its job, time beyond the five-year limit will be granted. The War Department has pledged to carry out to the best of its ability, every feasible wish of the next of kin. **END**

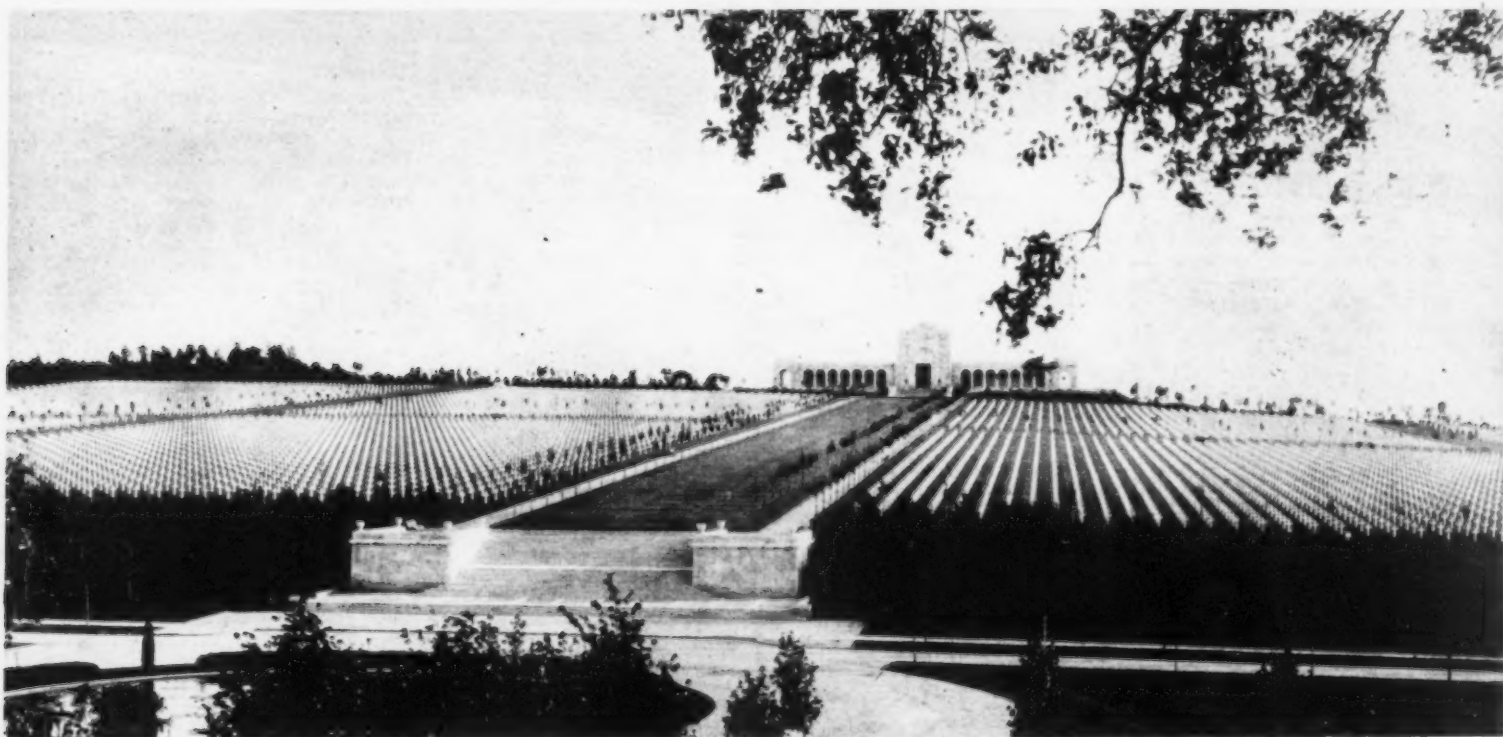


Soldiers of the Seventh Army who fell in the battle for Sicily lie at Palermo in the rugged but very beautiful Mediterranean country. This is one of the well cared for sites to be abandoned



John D. McCrae was dead before this cemetery was built, but he put the scene into words: "In Flanders fields the poppies blow between

the crosses, row on row, that mark our place..." The Aisne-Marne cemetery, lined in a bright sunrise, seems to promise a new peace



The Meuse-Argonne American cemetery at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon in France typifies the amount of care and expense that has gone into

the permanent overseas cemeteries for the dead of World War I. New permanent sites for the dead of World War II are now under construction

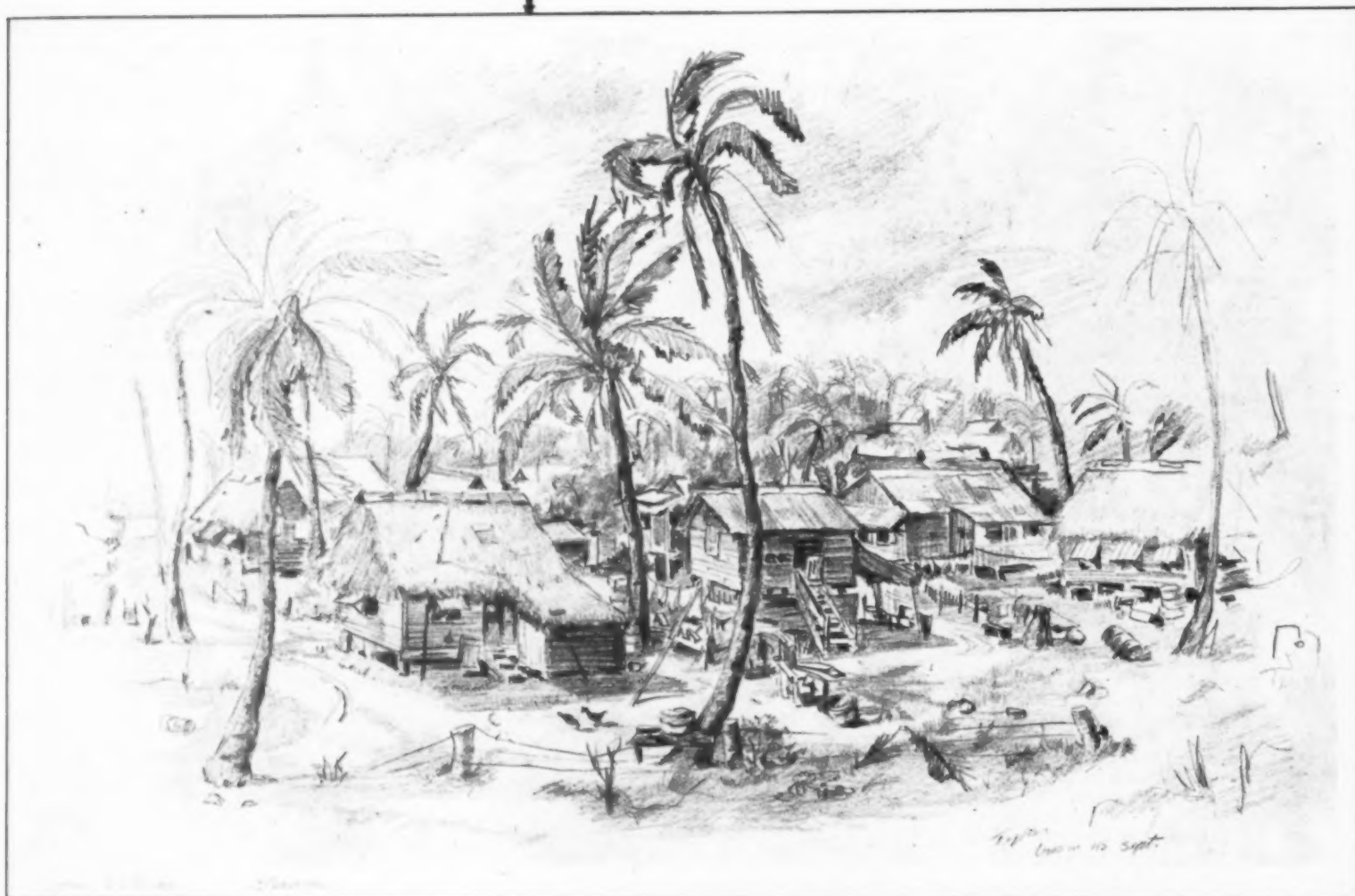


*"... For Glory lights the soldiers' tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave..."*

—Drake

CONTEST WINNERS

"INSPECTION" by Robert J. Church, a first lieutenant in the USMCR, was judged the winning story in this month's Leatherneck contest. The illustration awarded first place was sketched by artist Harry F. Tepker while he was with the Engineers, Third Division on Guam. William J. McGee won top honors for his cartoon entries.



INSPECTION

It's a very good idea to use your head for Saturday's inspection but please keep it off the colonel's chest. He doesn't like it

by R. J. Church



IN MY time I've stood some inspections that were pretty good, and others that were even worse. What I mean is, I've always managed to get through with nothing much more than a glare of disapproval for some minor flaw such as having one shoelace missing, or being in khaki when everyone else was in greens. Little things like that.

Lately, however, certain signs seem to indicate that my efficiency may be on the wane.

Understand, I've never been exactly the Sensation of the Station, but neither have I been completely a Sad Bustard. (Look it up. It's a bird!) At least that was my opinion until last Saturday.

Now I think differently.

Last Saturday we had an inspection that, for me, was the ultimate in fouled-upness. It had all the appearances, on the surface, of a routine inspection, but darned if I don't honestly believe it was working hand-in-hand with evil spirits, or Valkyries, or somebody. Fate put the finger on me, and I know I shall never be quite the same again. Oh, I'll carry on somehow, and friends will detect very little change on the surface. But I know. Inside, something is gone. Forever.

Saturday morning I awoke with a smile of confidence born of a Friday evening industriously spent. My gear was blanced and dubbed, polished and scrubbed. My rifle was so clean it was sanitary, my locker was faultlessly arranged, and I, personally, was a shining tribute to modern toiletries. I whistled snatches of "O'Riley's Bar" as I shaved, again, an epidermis that was already as sleek as an infant's derriere.

God was in his Heaven, all was right with the world, and inspecting officers are—inspecting officers—when you get to know them.

I got to know them.

It was right after morning chow that Fate belted me with a left-hook, and had I known the blows that were to follow, I think I would have ended it all, then and there.

I was sitting on the edge of my sack, flicking imaginary motes of dust from my gleaming shoes, when I overheard someone mention the word "leggings." Thinking they were passing the word that leggings would be worn for inspection, I grabbed mine from my locker. My field jacket, four drawers (knee), and one sock, fell out also. I hurriedly replaced these objects, almost as neatly as before, and donned my leggings.

Came then the familiar "Fall Out."

In the rush down the ladder I noticed a slight discrepancy. I was the only one wearing leggings. I turned to go back up, and now I know how those salmon feel trying to swim up a waterfall. Anyway, I made it, with only a few beads of sweat showing on my forehead, and my uniform just partially messed up.

I removed the leggings and slapped them into the locker, noticing that by now a thin film of blanco dust lay over the shelf, door, mirror, and floor. Also, two shirts had in some mysterious manner gotten down among my shoes. But I knew I'd probably have a few minutes following field inspection in which to square things away, so I slammed the door shut and took off.

(The removal of leggings, you may have noticed, leaves various wrinkles and things down around the bottoms of trouser legs.)

On the field, awaiting the arrival of the inspecting party, I went about the carrying out of a little

habit of mine which has been pretty successful in the past. I usually carry the cord and brush from my oil and thong case in my pocket and, after arriving in the field, run it once or twice through the bore of my rifle. Then I hold my thumb over the muzzle until the platoon is called to attention. This out-smarts those last-minute specks of dust.

This time I ran it through once. Then I ran it through again. Almost. Almost through, that is, because about half-way through the bore, a gremlin grabbed the brush in a tight grip and wouldn't let go.

I pulled. Nothing happened. I pulled again. Nothing happened. I got my rifle between my knees and really yanked, and this time something happened. The string came out but the brush remained somewhere down in the depths of my M-1.

This of course was the strategic moment for the inspecting party to reach our platoon. So it did. We were called to attention, and I began to shake so bad I looked like I was out of focus.

When the colonel was two men down from me, a playful little breeze blew a goodly puff of dust into my two blue eyes. At least I think it was dust because I don't believe there was any buckshot laying around on the deck. It felt like buckshot, though, and I couldn't have gotten my eyes open then had Carol Landis been inspecting.

OPERATING by ear, I started to bring my rifle up when I judged he was in front of me. Peeping for a second through one red, watery eye, however, I saw that he hadn't quite reached me. By the time I had gotten my rifle down to the order again, though, he had. So I brought it back up to inspection arms, and made an heroic stab at the operating handle with my thumb.

I missed it by a good four inches.

Because I couldn't see, and because of the momentum I had generated, I went slightly off-balance. I leaned slowly forward until I was snuggling gently against the colonel's chest. Not so gently, he pushed me back into line.

I heard him breathe heavily.

"What's the matter with you?"

I screwed up my face in a valiant effort to open my eye again, but it didn't work. "I can't see, Sir. Something blew into my eyes."

There was an uncomfortable pause during which I both wondered what the colonel was doing, and thought morbidly of the brush lodged somewhere in the bore. Then he said softly, too softly, "A Marine should be able to handle his rifle even if he can't see!"

"Yes, Sir."

"All right, try it again."

This time I managed to get it up and open, and he grabbed it with a slap that started me leaning again. Backward, this time. I caught myself, though, and also managed to get that eye partly open again.

The colonel was staring into the opaque blackness of the clogged bore of my rifle. He turned it this way and that. He turned around and aimed it directly at the sun. Then he looked over his shoulder at me. What I could see of his face through the haze didn't raise my morale any.

"What is in there," he whispered in awe, "your lunch?"

"No Sir, there's a brush and maybe a little piece of string."

"MAYBE A LITTLE . . . my God!" He sounded as though he didn't believe me.

He handed the offending firearm back to me, almost tenderly, and called the rest of the inspecting party aside. They had quite a conference, and the sergeant didn't make a note in his little black book—he filled three pages.

They went down the line, then, but every little while the colonel would pause and stare back at me in something akin to horror.

All things, even nightmares like that, end eventually, however, and soon we were marched off the field. There was nothing left to endure now but the barracks inspection. That proved to be enough. More than enough.

When we were dismissed in front of the barracks, I streaked up the ladder like a maniac. I tore open my locker and began hysterically rearranging things. I didn't think things could get any worse, but then again I wasn't sure. My second surmise was right. They did get worse.

A resounding "Attention!" rang through the barracks and I started to get up from my knees. The skivvy shirt I'd been using for a dust-rag lassoed my bottle of shoe dye and whipped it out of the locker. The bottle fell to the deck with a merry, crashing little tinkle that sounded like the crack of doom.

I stood there and watched, miserably, a brown stain spread hideously across the cement deck at my feet. I stooped over and made a few half-hearted swipes at it, then stood at attention, resigned to my fate, still clutching the soggy skivvy shirt in a listless hand.

In half-hypnotised fascination, I watched the colonel march into our wing. I saw him approach me. I shuddered as he paused a good ten paces from me and looked first at me, then at the deck. I went limp as his gaze swung slowly back to me.

There was an absolute silence that lasted about five eternities. My past life swept before me. I knew there would be no future.

The colonel came forward, slowly, until my nose was pressed against the second button of his blouse. In a voice that sounded as though at last he had seen everything, he began to speak.

"Son," he said, "I've been in the Corps twenty-one years and four months. In that time, I've seen many a curious thing. I've learned a lot, too. I've learned to use tolerance, where tolerance is called for. In your particular case, I could understand about the dust in your eyes. Perhaps that *did* throw off your sense of equilibrium, causing you to, er, lean against my chest. Perhaps it was because you were overly cautious that those various objects became lodged in your rifle. I don't know how your locker got into the condition it's in, or what that dye is doing on the deck. You might possibly have a reasonable explanation for these things that I could understand to the extent of letting you off with a light sentence. But, son, do you want to know something?"

"Yessir."

"YOU'VE GOT YOUR CAP ON!!!!"

Well, it's all over now, and I'll be back on duty again before long. But, as I've said, I'll never be quite the same again. Sympathy will do me no good. I'm too far gone for that.

But if you'd care to spin a prayer-wheel for me, burn a few joss sticks, perhaps, or mutter a few incantations for my future Corps career, I'll appreciate it. I'm willing to try anything. All I know is that I shall never be able to live through another day like last Saturday. I just won't be able to make it, that's all.

END



"Now remember, Shevenock, when we talk to them, you call me 'Saipan' and I'll call you 'Half-Track' "



"Good morning, Sir."



"Lots of fellows grow like weeds here, Cambron, I wouldn't worry about it"



"I guess I don't have to remind you people about that Okinawa draft before the second half starts"



"Sir, damn it, Sir. Can't you get that through your head?"

BULLETIN BOARD

Fleet Reserve Dope

THE old-timers have been waiting for the right word on retainer-retired privileges for at least a year or two. The big question in their minds concerned the interpretation of the "new" retirement law, Public Law No. 720.

The Comptroller General of the United States has rendered his decision, and a last word is now at hand. The following members of the regular Marine Corps are eligible for transfer to either Class 1(d) or 1(d)(1), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, upon completion of at least 20 years active Federal service:

(a) Personnel who first enlisted in the regular naval service after 1 July, 1925.

(b) Personnel who reenlisted in the regular naval service after 1 July, 1925, having been out of the naval service for more than three months.

(Personnel who reenlisted in the regular naval service after 1 July, 1925... but who were out of the naval service less than three months are eligible for transfer to Class 1(c) or 1(d)(1).)

(c) Personnel who are eligible for but who have not transferred to Class 1(c), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, if they so elect.

Those men who elect to be paid in accordance with the provisions of Section 204 of the Naval Reserve Act of 1938, prior to amendment by Public Law 720, will be placed in Class 1(d), FMCR. When transferred to Class 1(d), FMCR, they shall receive retainer pay at the rate of one half of the base pay of the rank in which they were serving at the time of transfer to the Reserve. Upon retirement after the completion of 30 years service, permanent additions (longevity) will be added thereto.

Men who elect to be paid in accordance with Naval Reserve Act of 1938, as amended by Public Law 720, will be transferred to Class 1(d)(1), and their retainer pay will be computed at the rate of two and one half per cent of the annual base and longevity pay they are receiving at the time of transfer, multiplied by the number of years active Federal service (Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard). Retainer pay so received shall not exceed 75 per cent of the active duty base and longevity pay they were receiving at the time of transfer.

When a man determines that he desires to be transferred to Class 1(d) or 1(d)(1), FMCR, he will so inform Headquarters, Marine Corps, in order that he may be properly advised as to the amount of retained pay he would receive in each class; upon receipt of which he will make his selection thereon and submit it with his application for transfer to the FMCR. After transfer to the FMCR, no change in the selection of the man concerned will be permitted. Commanding officers may inform Headquarters of the intentions of men who desire transfer to the FMCR by speedletter or air mail.

A member of the Marine Corps who is eligible for transfer to Class 1(c) FMCR, will not benefit under the provisions of Public Law 720, unless he has in excess of 27 years active

service. Any enlisted man who has in excess of 27 years active service should also request information as to his pay. Such request when forwarded to Headquarters should contain information as to average current markings.

Examples: A man in the 1st pay grade, who was not in the active naval service on 1, July 1925, decides he wishes to transfer to the FMCR after 21 years of active federal service. He will have to elect one of the following:

Class 1(d): One half base pay of rank in which serving at time of transfer, or one half of \$165.00 — \$82.50 (first pay grade). During the next nine years in the FMCR that is all he will receive. Then after he has completed 30 years, permanent additions will be made: that is \$57.75 (longevity at time of transfer to FMCR) and is added to the \$82.50, making a monthly retired pay of \$140.25, to be drawn for as long as he lives. Add 10 per cent of base pay if cited for extraordinary heroic conduct.

Class 1(d)(1): (New Public Law 720): If he chooses this category, he will receive two and one-half per cent of his base pay and longevity, multiplied by the number of years active Federal service: two and one-half per cent of \$222.75 (1st pay grade base pay with longevity for 21 years), multiplied by 21 which gives \$116.94 as retained pay. However at the end of the nine years FMCR service and upon retirement, this does not change.

At first appearance it seems as if there is a great difference between the retired pay of Class 1(d) and Class 1(d)(1). Well, there is; exactly \$23.31 worth. But, don't forget, while the man in 1(d) was drawing \$82.50 retainer pay, you were drawing \$116.94... and over a nine year space that amounted to \$3,719.52 more than he drew. After his pay jumps to \$140.25 and yours stays at \$116.94... it's going to take him just about 14 years more to make up the difference. Suppose the man was 20 years of age when he first enlisted; he'll be 41 years old when he goes into the FMCR; 50 years old when retired; then approximately 64 years of age when he made up the difference in money paid. Is it worth it? Only if you think you can outwit the old man with the scythe. Personally, we'll go along with the statistics issued by the insurance companies... and elect Class 1(d)(1).

There are still some Marines eligible for FMCR Class 1(c); their pay is figured at one-half base pay plus longevity at time of transfer to the FMCR, plus 10 per cent of that total pay for extraordinary heroism or good conduct if entitled thereto.

Example: A first-pay-grader transfers to FMCR at 21 years; his pay would be one-half of \$165.00 or \$82.50, plus his longevity for over 21 years, making it \$140.25. This class has the better of the deal unless the man transferring has over 27 years service when transferring; then it would pay him to elect to have his retainer pay figured under Public Law 720, or Class 1(d)(1), for he would receive \$161.49 in this category, whereas he'd get only \$156.75 if he elected Class 1(c) with 27 years service.

MOTOR MECHANIC'S SCHOOL

The Marine Corps is seeking applications for a 20-week course in automotive mechanics to be held at the Motor Transport School at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Individual requirements for the course are: a Mechanical Aptitude Test score of at least 90, can be no higher than second pay grade when assigned to school, and have completed recruit training. Men currently serving overseas must have completed 12 months of such service before returning for this school.

Recruiting Personnel Needed

In a recent letter to all commanding officers in the continental United States, the Commandant pointed out the need of qualified men in the first four pay grades for recruiting duty. Such men must be: neat in appearance, soldierly in bearing and a representative type of a Marine; not have been convicted by a court-martial during their current enlistment; have at least two years high school education, or its equivalent, or have had clerical experience in the Marine Corps; have completed at least three years of active service, a portion which must have been outside the continental limits of the United States; and have at least two years to serve on current enlistment, or current enlistment extended for this duty.

Accepted applicants will be given a six-weeks training course in recruiting procedure and methods at Parris Island before assignment to stations of duty. Such men will, as far as circumstances permit, be assigned to stations in areas of their choice.

Commanding officers in their forwarding endorsements will state the individual's specification serial number, his general classification score, time remaining on current enlistment and whether or not in their opinion the applicant possesses the qualifications of a recruiter. The letter reminded CO's that the Marine Corps faced a difficult procurement program and those men best qualified to represent the Corps in this duty should be recommended.



FERDIE DUNDAN would rather tell a lie than anything else he might think of on short notice. He can talk himself into, and then out of, more trouble than is usually credited to the favored boarders at Portsmouth.

With the Corps his escapades have included a near general court-martial in Panama for his part in something that bordered on mutiny and an affair with a sergeant major's favorite niece on Guam in 1936. His name was connected with the disappearance of eight Springfields in Shanghai, '39; and in 1943 he drew more than one suspicious glance when a jeep was returned to its stall at Camp Pendleton with three of its tires flat as yesterday's ginger ale and its motor trying to run backwards.

His defense attitude was always the same. He would shoot out a beefy under lip, cross his eyes ever so slightly, and pout that he was being picked on. His performances were good; they had to be. Like a frustrated, mustached Bernhardt, he would insist that some despicable, beer-sopping, deaf, dumb and knock-kneed incompetent had fouled him up.

The exact words are lost, unless some historian thumbs the old court-martial records which contain his little epics of romanticized fact. But, with variation for individual charges, his explanatory remarks began:

"Well, sir, I was driving along, minding my own business, keeping to the right (the left in China), watching for cops, worrying about the inspection the next day, thinking about what I could do for the good of the Corps, when this guy cuts in on my left. I jammed on my brakes and sounded the horn, but . . ."

It was corny, but he got away every time; maybe some restriction, a trifling fine, but such results on the type of charge he habitually thwarted was like shooting par on a tough golf course with a croquet mallet.

Now that it is mentioned, no one ever suggested golf with a ball bat to Ferdie; it is to be safely assumed that he would have shot several birdies on the first round. He was good, good at everything from snooker to the courtship of gracious women, and he would wear out his listeners' ears telling about it.

It was not only in moments of necessity that he embroidered the truth. Exact data had always distressed him. He had confessed at one time that his first lie had been to get his father up for a drink of water in the middle of a wintry night. Ferdie had been two years old at the time, and had been delighted with his father's cursing when Ferdie discovered that he was no longer thirsty. It is not difficult to imagine him, lip drooling and quivering.

"I'll tell you, Pop. There I was a-lying in my trundle when I thought I wanted a drink. I did not want to call you, but the feeling began to get me. Finally . . ."

A few years of vague attention to the subjects which were followed by horrible marks on his report cards from school did not change his gay irreverence for the truth.

He tried the Marine Corps in '33, and liked it. He was still around at the end of the war. Nobody short of a first-class genius can stay in the Corps that



long without collecting a few stripes. He splashed back into peace-time soldiering distinguished by four stripes, one mustache with a touch of mascara, the same cocky grin, the lower lip which had lost none of its talent, and the proclivity for telling a story instead of taking coffee upon awakening in the morning.

He was basically an egotist, not an artist who decorated drab reality for the sake of beauty. He was interested in beautifying Duncan; anything he told would in some fashion, often too oblique for the uninitiated to understand, reflect credit upon himself and his multifarious capacities for distinction. If a story did not color him in a flattering way, he ignored it.

Somewhere in his haunts for beer and audiences in '45 he stumbled against a tall, button-nosed girl from Arkansas. Anna Gallop had youth and health, highly acceptable substitutes for beauty. She *did* look good to bachelor eyes in her tight skirt. She surely must have been possessed of a sense of humor. She laughed a lot — at the stuff Ferdie told her, and yet it may have been only another manifestation of her youth.

She looked as if she should have known enough of the necessities, and inevitably, of existence not to sit pop-eyed at such a flow of perfumed offal as

by Sgt. L. F. Johnston, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

"But gee, whut could I do against eight of them?" There *had* been a large audience at the affair, but they did their greatest damage as witnesses. They almost caught Ferdie without adequate prevarication when they submitted 13 statements which agreed that.

1. One Staff Sergeant Ferdinand Duncan had made threats against their very good friend, Pvt. Jackie Bertz.

2. Same Sergt. Duncan had assaulted and entered the guard battalion compound at 43rd St. and Amalgamation Avenue with his malevolence on his face.

3. Above accused had collared, cursed, and cudgeled poor Jackie Bertz.

4. Somehow in the fray, which had scared the last trace of ungodliness out of each of the watchers, Duncan had distributed enough blood to ruin eight shirts.

been a sea-lawyer since the trundle-bed incident of his infancy; he could recognize a loop-hole when he saw one.

His statement, the return of the glove preparatory to legal engagement, was mild in defense of his actions in the guard battalion compound. He made no attempt to emphasize the numbers that had been involved against him.

On the day of his first hearing before the colonel, Ferdie massaged the wounds until they were angry red; he asked the corpsman to use some sort of medical fluid with more color, the more morbid the hue the better.

He stood before the trial officer with great splotches of iodine stain covering his chin, the left brow, and ear. The agony of the dark germicide had surpassed that of the time he had had a tooth filled while in the clutches of a Ginebra hangover in Manila, many years before; but it was no time for fainting fits. Ferdie did not wear the American Theatre Ribbon for being an absinthe-sipper. He could be hard on sufficient demand, and this was the time to have his Pilgrim ancestry show.

The colonel eyed the stripes — Ferdie made secret regrets that he could not wear his hashmarks on a khaki shirt. He would listen if the sergeant had anything to say pertinent to his case. The incriminating

THE LONG SENTENCE

Ferdie dispensed, but she always listened. This was tremendous recommendation.

She was tall; when the pair stood, she could look directly into his eyes, but Ferdie was not disturbed in his narratives. He took his lying seriously.

Anna had another point of interest, although an expensive one; she could down, without the faintest unladylike grimace, liquids that made Congressional Medal men hide their faces in the crooks of their arms; she would then lick her lips. Ferdie had found something to admire.

The pair was seen everywhere, which is to say that every Marine in the vicinity of Washington, D. C., knew them, the one for his improvements on faulty fact, the other for her zinc-lined pharynx.

One day, somebody passed some words. They were bad words. At whom they were directed is a valuable point of alcoholic metaphysics, but Ferdie declared himself out for vengeance. His friends, several in number, were surprised and doubting when he said that southern womanhood, even though transplanted, should not be made to suffer a fate worse than honest labor. They did not believe that Ferdie would associate his valued frame with anything that might be even remotely akin to mayhem. Always his strong point had been his ability to talk himself through any situation smelling of compromise.

The enlisted dastards who had passed the words were doing duty at one of the several detachments of Marines who have liberty in the Nation's Capital. Ferdie reconnoitered and invaded. He forgot something which he should have learned when he was baiting college lads 20 years ago on the Boston Common — that it is exceedingly foolish to carry a fight to another's backyard.

He came away from the maneuver in frantic need of surgical nylon. A healthy gash over his eye, an opening which would later scar into a nice cleft in his chin, and a dangling ear were mentioned in the naval medico's report. There was no note of the damage to Ferdie's self respect.

Ferdie could not be consoled. The marks on his face were etched into his soul, if any.

5. No one — repeat, no one, other than Pvt. Bertz, had touched the sergeant and he with nothing other than his hands.

It was beautiful; and it was air-tight. Ferdie's C.O., an old private-buddy of the Panama tour who had collected two bars on his shoulders, was nearly frantic.

"Eighteen years have I, in and out, done duty with you, Duncan, and this is the way you repay me. Have you not the simple sense to keep you from fighting when the odds are too big against you?"

"I like to fight myself, or did ten years ago, but I never did come in with that many slits in my face. There is such a thing as fighting for fun; but there is no harm in winning, either."

"Gees, Captain, they were too many for me."

"So anyone, with as little eye as you have in operation this morning, can see."

"Can't we cook up a good one for the colonel?" This note had helped him in previous cases. (The officer was not eager to stick his bars out *that* far in defense of his man.)

"You have my permission to use any recipe you like; but it had better be perfect, because you're fighting this case alone. That's all, Sergeant."

It was the first time that the captain had ever addressed Ferdie by his rank in private conversation since the war. Things were bad.

Ferdie cooked a fine dish. There was one loop-hole in the statements of the prosecution. They had not dwelt upon, or synchronized views on, the point which had caused the unpleasanties. Ferdie had

accusers, all privates, had filed through the court; their very similarity of report, with no allowance for differences in observation, heartened Ferdie considerably. But he still had to spin a good one.

"Sir, I shall not try to deny the basic truth of the statements. I was wrong in entering the guard battalion compound with no business."

The lip was falling; if innocence ever stood accused, in four stripes and a mustache, Ferdie was that. An unbiased observer could not have looked at those downcast eyes and believed that the sanctity of a Marine Corps compound had been defiled. He must surely have been in three other churches at the time.

But colonels, even war-time ones, are not fooled that easily.

"Go on, Sergeant, tell the court."

"Sir, I feel that I was justified in anything that might have happened to Pvt. Bertz." This was rather weak; Bertz was in the room, and he had only a slight colored area under one eye.

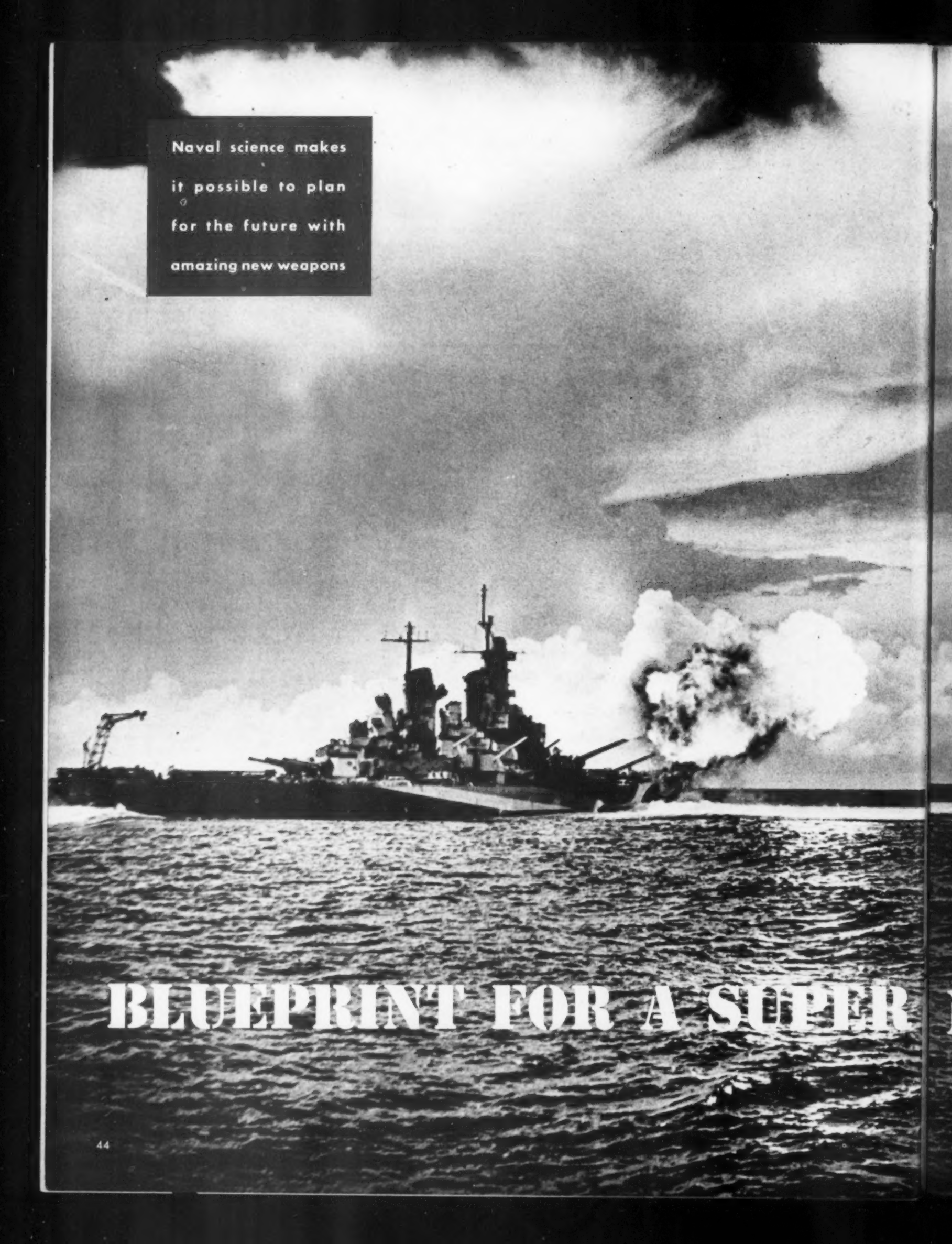
"It began in a drinking establishment on Fourteenth Street. My girl friend, Miss Gallop, and I were having a drink when Pvt. Bertz came in. He knew Anna."

"He had been drinking heavily, sir; it was plain to see when he began to talk."

"He came to our booth and wanted to talk to Anna; she tried to ignore him, an action for which no lady could be blamed. He was in very bad condition; his field scarf was loose, and his collar gaped open."

He did not look at all like a Marine should, sir."

It's a thin line that divides lies from literatures. Give a woman one shot and she's got you snookered for good



Naval science makes
it possible to plan
for the future with
amazing new weapons

BLUEPRINT FOR A SUPER

by Sgt. Edward J. Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Editor's Note: The opinions or assertions in this article are the private ones of the author and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

WHEN the towering cloud of the second atomic bomb test mushroomed into the sky over Bikini more than a year ago, it presented a host of questions for thousands of real and armchair naval strategists. Some said this would be the end of surface fleets, that the Navy of the future would be entirely submarine, carrying aircraft, rockets, atomic and guided missiles that could be launched from below the surface. Others foresaw huge fleets of stratospheric rocket ships striking the enemy with the speed and ferocity of meteors.

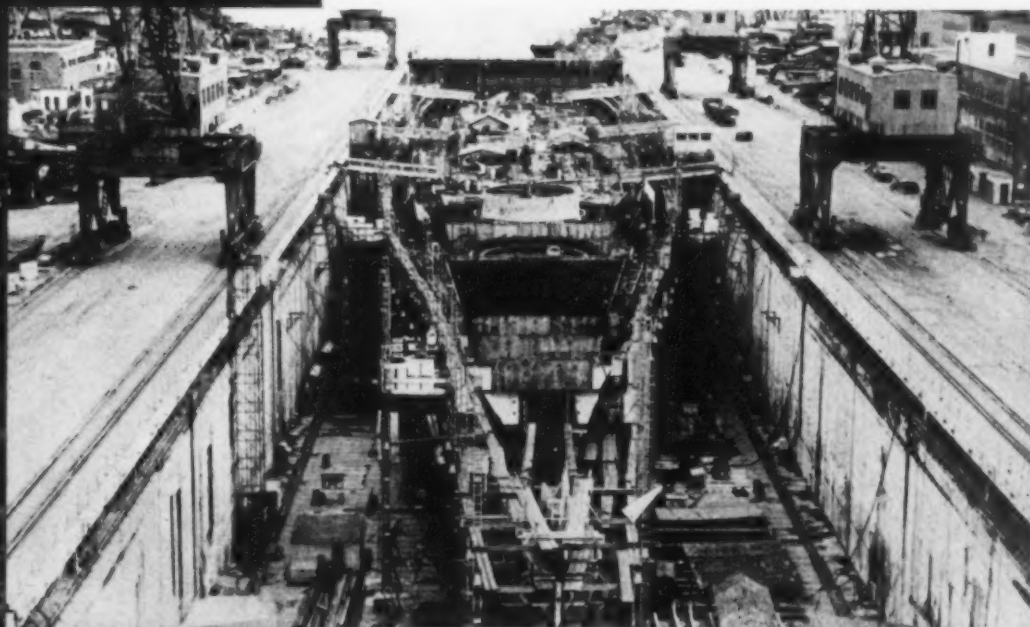
Certain facts and limitations concerning an atomic bombing now stand out clearly. Ships within the effective range of the underwater blast were sunk or smashed, irrespective of type, armor or tonnage. Yet only slightly outside this range even the smaller, lighter ships rode out this cataclysm without visible damage.

It is entirely possible to design ships of sufficient armor to withstand in some measure the effects of an atomic bombing, but defense alone does not win wars. There has been enough information released since the end of the war to serve as a guidepost in portraying the trends toward the Navy of the future.

Advancement was made in ship design, ordnance and aircraft all through the war and changes will continue to be made, but the important thing to be remembered is that there will be no immediate mass junking of present fleets. Nor will there be any overnight building of subsurface fleets or stratospheric air forces. It is true that in every war great progress has been made in the fields of scientific research, but it is also true that in the years following wars there have been long periods of strangling "economy" during which much of the headway was lost.

Progress in shaping a new navy may be slow now

R NAVY



Still under construction, the USS Kentucky will be of radically new design; armed with rockets, guided missiles and super guns

BLUEPRINT FOR A SUPER NAVY (cont.)



Row on row of banked rocket launchers dominate the decks of this Landing Ship Medium (Rocket), forerunner of mighty rocket fleets

that the press of wartime urgency is off, but new things will continue to come. All the elements of a "Buck Rogers Navy" are now in existence—atomic energy for explosives and motive power, rocket ordnance, jet-propelled aircraft and electronics for long-range detection and navigation.

Now on the drawing boards of the Navy's Bureau of Ships are plans for the conversion of the partially complete 27,000-ton battle-cruiser *Hawaii*, and the 45,000-ton battleship *Kentucky* as the first electronic-controlled, guided-missile heavies. While no details are yet available, it is reasonable to suppose that change in ordnance from heavy guns to rockets will bring about a major alteration in the superstructure silhouette. The elimination of big gun turrets and their control towers will allow lower, lighter construction above decks.

Warship design is a constant three-way balancing

of ordnance, armor and speed. If the ratio of one is increased the others must be equalized for efficiency. All guns over the eight-inch classification are now obsolete and that takes off a big proportion of the weight of fighting line ships.

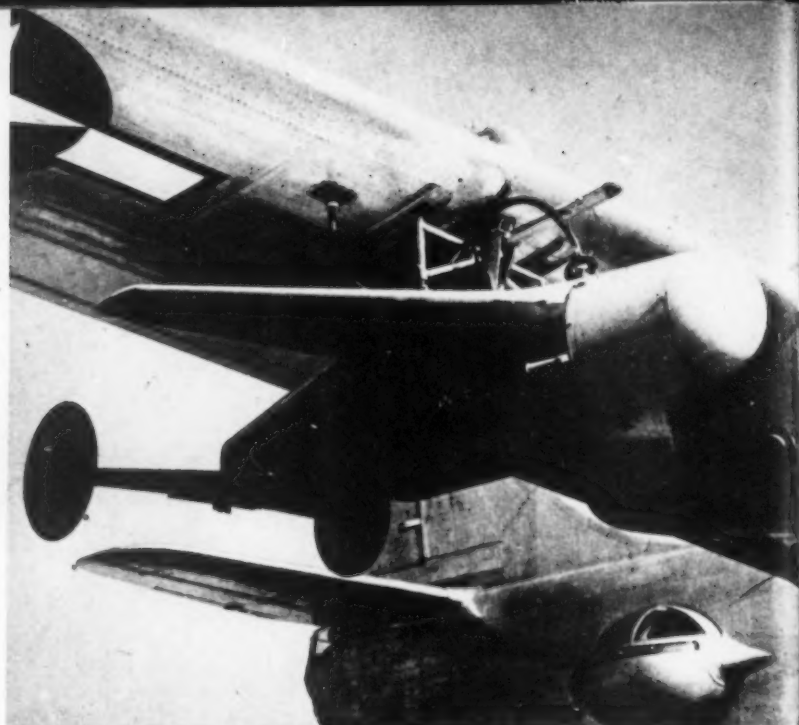
One of the greatest developments to come out of this war was the rocket. Up until the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor the U. S. had not a single rocket in service use. The Russians made spectacular use of them in the early days of the fighting, but by the end of the war the U. S. Navy alone was using up rockets in action at the rate of \$100,000,000 worth a month. The assortment was varied and powerful, all the way from the two-inch, shoulder-fired Bazooka rocket to the "Tiny Tim," a 12-inch, 1,200-pound airborne job that packs the wallop of a big naval gun.

Rockets are no innovation in the art of warfare. They were developed and used by the Chinese against the Mongols in 1232, by the Indians against the British in 1700, and by the British against the Americans in the battle of Bladensburg in 1812. Accuracy in early rockets was a sometime thing with only a stick for a stabilizer, much like the toy rockets used on the fourth of July. The improvement of rifled gun barrels and their resulting greater accuracy put rockets on the shelf from a military standpoint until more satisfactory propellant charges and designs could be perfected.

Rockets and jet-propulsion are two sides of the same family, differing only in that the rocket carries within itself the oxygen necessary for the combustion of its fuel, while the jet motor depends upon the oxygen of the atmosphere, thus being limited, for the present, to the confines of Mother Earth.

Having no recoil, the rocket requires only a light launching tube, or trough, to give it direction, yet the rocket itself is usually heavier than a shell of equivalent size and effectiveness. Two basic types of stabilizer are now in use; fins on the arrow feather principle, and multiple nozzles set at an angle to give the rocket the spin that rifling gives to an artillery shell.

As in the case of so many other weapons, the opening stages of World War II found us sadly lacking in perfection of rockets. The United States ran a poor fourth. Britain and Russia vied for the lead. By the end of the war we had made up for the slow start and were far ahead of everyone else in



The "Bat" was the first true guided missile to be used in combat. It followed impulses of its self-contained radar into the target

development and production, but we owed much to British scientists for their assistance in bringing us up to date.

The rocket program was the combined product of civilian and armed forces scientific minds. The Naval Powder Factory at Indian Head, Maryland, was one of the first rocket laboratories to be set up. The National Defense Research Committee fostered the system of subsidizing development in laboratories of major universities. The California Institute of Technology and George Washington University in the District of Columbia were among those foremost in rocket work.

The Navy's first real need for rockets came in the Atlantic antisubmarine war. The British had developed a system of mortar-type depth charges that were thrown out in front of the ship, but the recoil was such that no ship smaller than a destroyer could use them. Caltech solved the problem for small craft by attaching rocket motors and mounting the depth bomb rockets on launchers.

The problems of production were reduced with the adaptation of standard artillery shells and bombs for use as the pay load or war head, of the rockets. All that remained to be done, then, was to outfit these war heads with a suitable rocket motor. The five-inch shell was thus converted into the "Holy Moses." This name provides a perfect description for the effects of the six-foot, 140-pound projectile. It went into action with naval aircraft in July, 1944.

The ultimate in airborne rockets seemed to have been reached in the Tiny Tim, the hardest hitting missile to be used by aircraft. Tiny Tim was 12 inches in diameter and weighed 1200 pounds. To naval pilots it was like putting wings on a 12-inch gun. The back blast smashed the tail assembly of the first plane to launch it. The plane crashed, killing the pilot. This resulted in development of the drop-launching method, whereby the rocket is ignited by lanyard after it is free of the plane.

Squadrons equipped with the Tiny Tim were sent into the Pacific aboard the carriers *Franklin* and *Intrepid*. The *Franklin* was knocked out by Kamikaze before her planes got a chance to put the bomb into action, but the aircraft of the *Intrepid* showed the ability of Tiny Tim to advantage at Okinawa.

Carrier-based Navy fighters provided rocket cover for the invasion of Normandy, and Marine torpedo



Early LSM(R)'s had only these rockets with fin stabilizers and fixed mounts



squadron 134 was the first to go into action with rockets in the Pacific. The first air rocket strike was carried out against Rabaul in February, 1944.

The rocket was most widely used as a weapon to dislodge the enemy from well-fortified positions, and to support ground forces. Our forces on Saipan, Guam, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa found the Japs burrowed in caves, pill-boxes and blockhouses. These were hard to detect and so well protected that only direct hits could be effective.

Aircraft rockets, with their accuracy and penetrating power, proved more effective than bombs in most cases. Wave after wave of fighters roared in at low altitudes, sending their rockets streaming into Jap positions. Dive bombers came down and silenced the anti-aircraft fire with more rockets, and were then, in the same sweep, able to use their bombs to greater effect from low altitudes. Ground forces leaders soon learned the effectiveness of the rocket and called upon the air arm to clear obstacles blocking advance.

It was inevitable that the rocket should appear on surface craft. The most practicable vehicle at hand for amphibian warfare was the LSM. Firing five-inch spin-stabilized rockets from automatic, remote-control launchers, a flotilla of 12 bristling ships poured 30,000 rounds into Okinawa in 12 weeks of fighting. The terrifying blanket of roaring fire laid down by this tiny fleet gave the Marines the foothold they needed.

As research progressed, the spinner type came to predominate through its greater ease of handling and accuracy. The first spinner developed by Caltech was a 3.5-inch, designed to replace the Marine Corps 75-mm. pack howitzer. Although it never was used in action, experiments made with it paved the way for the five-inch high velocity spinner rocket used on torpedo boats as early as 1943.

A series of these five-inch spinner rockets were developed with varying ranges, 1250, 2500 and 5000 yards. All weighed 50 pounds, and were 32 inches long, usable on the standard launcher. They came equipped with a variety of war heads to make each of the three models capable of performing half a dozen jobs, from smashing pillboxes to laying smoke screens.

Rockets, jet-propulsion and guided missiles will eventually play the major roles in warfare, but the Navy is not neglecting standard weapons. One of the most remarkable additions to the fire-power of the Fleet is the long-secret variable time (VT) fuze. The VT fuze is an extremely rugged little five-tube, sending and receiving radio station that fits into the nose of any caliber projectile. The heart of this miniature station is a vacuum tube that sends out electro-magnetic waves at the speed of light, 186,000 miles per second. The pulses are reflected back to the tube by metal objects, land masses and bodies of water. If a VT-fuzed projectile in flight passes within 70 feet of an airplane, the reflected impulses act on the fuze circuit to a trigger switch, that will set off the explosive charge.

Use of the VT fuze eliminates fuze-setting and excludes errors inherent in time fuze mechanisms, and makes possible maximum results at the split-second speeds demanded by modern anti-aircraft fire. A VT-fuzed projectile explodes automatically when it reaches a point where its fragments can shower a target.

During Okinawa a Japanese armada attacked a small fleet of landing craft, whose only protection was two destroyers, the *Evans* and the *Hadley*. Both were equipped with five-inch guns firing VT-fuzed shells, as well as with 20s and 40s using point-detonating ammunition. Although the *Evans* was hit four times by Jap planes that had been set on fire by her own guns, she knocked out 23 of the 156 attacking enemy planes, 13 of these with VT-fuzed shells. The *Hadley* brought down 12 of 13 Jap planes that came her way.

The new twin three-inch .70 caliber gun is destined to eventually replace the 20 and 40-mm's. as anti-aircraft weapons. It throws a heavier, faster, VT-fuzed stream of projectiles into fast flying aircraft and missiles. It is completely new in design and is equipped with a radar fire control system through which it can pick up enemy aircraft or

guided missiles, track the target, compute corrections, load and fire.

The new triple turret for eight-inch guns makes all existing naval turrets obsolete. It is completely automatic, from ammunition room to gun chamber, and loads VT-fuzed shells at all angles of elevation.

Add to this array of firepower the Mark 102 automatic, remote control rocket launcher. This is a radar-directed, power-driven mount which fires an accurately aimed stream of 5-inch rockets at the rate of 40 per minute.

Radar, that hush-hush weapon so valuable to the Navy in World War II, will prove still more an integral part not only of our sea forces, but of all this nation's defenses. For radar, combined with the VT or radio proximity fuze, would be the best antidote for guided-missile attacks from an enemy country.

Radar (Radio Detection and Ranging) is an electronics device that can pick up impulses from land or sea, ship or plane and can spot and follow the enemy under any conditions. Then, in counter-measure it can be used to aim and fire rockets and guns with such deadly efficiency that battles now, more than ever, are a pitting of machine against machine.

It is standard on all types of seacraft and aircraft. Sets range in size and weight from those of a few pounds on the deck of a torpedo boat to giants of more than five tons, borne by the aircraft carrier. In action, radar reports and intelligence interpretation, sent to the fire control room of a warship, are the stuff with which the modern gun battery's computers and directors are fed. The turrets are swung into position and aimed, and as two opposing forces close, new ranges and range rates automatically reposition the guns, holding them on the moving target. When the radar screen shows the enemy has come within range, the command "commence firing" is given, and the shells go streaking through the night.

The radar operator, watching the fleets move together, now can see the shells themselves as they zip across the cathode ray screen. If they miss their splashers are indicated and he can quickly send the correction to fire control. The second salvo appears to move into the target. So does the third, and as he watches, the target "echo" on the screen gradually disappears. The enemy ship has sunk.

The Navy's famous "Bat," a radar-controlled glider bomb, provides a preview of guided missiles to come. It is guided to the target by means of a radar unit it carries aboard. When it is released from the mother plane the transmitter and receiver in the Bat take over. The Bat's radar furnishes data to the control ship for observation. No matter what evasive measures the target may take, they are spotted by the Bat's radar which automatically changes the course of the glider bomb to keep it on target.

But, defensively, radar could pick the Bat up and rockets or shells, if equipped with VT fuzes, would almost certainly catch it en route and destroy it before it could reach the target. The VT fuze was, like radar, really old stuff to the military by war's end. For two and a half years of war projectiles and bombs fuzed with it inflicted terrific damage on both the Germans and the Japs. The

only clue to its existence was what appeared to be unprecedented accuracy of gunfire. It was highly successful in breaking Jap air power and it was a major factor in the murderous artillery assault which threw back the Germans in their attempted counter-offensive in France during the winter of 1944.

Most significantly of all, though, was the job it did against the buzz bomb over England. One Sunday, six weeks after the V-1 attack had started, 105 of these bombs crossed the English coast, headed for London. Only three of them got there. At the end anti-aircraft was shooting down the great bulk of the bombs and doing just as well on cloudy days as clear ones.

Everyone expects the next war will bring into general use guided missiles bearing atomic war heads. Perhaps by that time our defenses can be so perfect that no missile will be capable of penetrating our coast lines. The projected Navy of the future would be a part of such a defense. The partly finished 45,000-ton battleship *Kentucky* and the heavy cruiser *Hawaii* will represent a great advance, but they will be only test models for more powerful guided-missile warships, just as the air-



Firing these new 5-inch spin stabilized rockets from remote control-automatic launchers, a rocket fleet pounded Okinawa

craft carrier *Langley*, converted from an obsolete collier, was the forerunner of our present great aircraft carrier fleet.

Both hulls, the *Kentucky* 70 per cent complete at the Norfolk Naval Shipyard, and the *Hawaii* 85 per cent complete at Camden, New Jersey, have been delayed pending major design changes which will equip them to launch guided missiles. Admiral Cochrane stated: "The design studies now being made for the *Kentucky* and *Hawaii* together with the development of guided missiles, will lead to a revolution in the striking power of naval warships."

Vast problems must be met and overcome in adapting the huge craft as guided missile and rocket platforms, and in providing the fire control systems necessary to launch missiles which may have undreamed-of ranges. If these designs work out, the Navy may follow up by converting the earlier battle cruisers, *Guam* and *Alaska*, to guided missile warcraft.

Chief among the effects the age of the atom may have on the future Navy is the application of atomic energy to power plants. This is a very real possibility. In the early stages of the atomic propulsion development, it seems likely that a conventional heat transfer system will be used—boilers and turbines to convert the atomic heat into shaft-turning power. Direct-drive atomic power—jet propulsion—may easily be a following development.

About the only conclusion the average naval man can draw is that the same determining factors keep cropping up; the balance of range, speed, firepower and armor, which the naval architects must always consider as they continue to seek the perfect warship.

END

Rockets and jet propulsion have opened new horizons in sea warfare



WE— THE MARINES

Edited by Corp. Donald Edgemon

Short Rations for Sharks

The new school of loan sharks who expected to feed long and well on the harvest of terminal leave bonds has suddenly gone out of business. Like that ...Pffft!

Congress did it, with its little bill permitting veterans to cash their bonds after September 1. But, according to complaints received by veterans' organizations, business was looking up for the loan boys there for a while.

The bonds were of the non-transferable variety, so it is not quite clear just how the money boys were planning to work their schemes in the end. Maybe they were going to stand outside the bank door, come the due dates in 1950 or 1951, and wait while the guys to whom bonds were issued went inside and did the legal liquidating.

You remember very well, of course, that the bonds were to mature five years after a veteran's discharge. The earliest possible date of maturity was April 1, next year, but most Marines would have had to wait until around late in 1950. It seemed a long time and there were those who could use the cash now.

The sharks realized this, and they preyed on the needy. Said they: You give me your bond now, to hold as security, and I will give you 50 per cent of its face value. Okay? Then, when the bond comes due I will give you another 25 per cent and keep 25 per cent myself, for my trouble. Oh yes, I'll keep the interest, too.

Well, just so long as all the legal amenities were observed there was nothing anyone could do about the racket. Only by holding out against it could the veterans themselves stop it. And with living as costly as it is there were probably a lot who would be interested in the deal, sharp as it was. Anyway that's what the veterans' organizations were worried about.

Undoubtedly some of the eager beavers got stuck and will be having a date at the bank door one of these years.

Band Tour

The Marine Corps band will play in more than 50 communities through the nation during October and November. Fifty members of the band are on the annual tour of the famous organization. The trip started during the latter part of September. Following is the remainder of the itinerary, which is tentative in that it was to be subject to change without notice:

October 1. Lansing, Mich.; 2, LaPorte, Ind. (matinee); 2, South Bend, Ind. (evening); 3, Rockford, Ill.; 4, Ripon, Wis.; 5, Green Bay, Wis.; 6, Madison, Wis.; 7, Eau Claire, Wis.; 8, Rochester, Minn.; 9, Mankato, Minn.; 10, St. Cloud, Minn.; 11, Duluth, Minn.; 12, Wadena, Minn.; 13, Moorhead, Minn.; 14, Valley City, N. D.; 15, Aberdeen, S. D.; 16, Devils Lake, N. D.; 17, Minot, N. D.; 18, Bismarck, N. D.; 19, Dickinson, N. D.; 20, Miles City, Mont.; 21, Billings, Mont.; 22, Livingston, Mont.; 23, Butte, Mont.; 24, Great Falls, Mont.; 25, Helena, Mont.; 26, Missoula, Mont.; 27, Spokane, Wash.; 28, Lewiston, Wash.; 29, Walla Walla, Wash.; 30, Yakima, Wash.; and 31, Wenatchee, Wash.

November 1, Bellingham, Wash.; 2, Aberdeen, Wash.; 3, Seattle, Wash.; 4, Portland, Ore.; 5, Baker, Ore. (evening only); 6, Boise, Idaho; 7, Pocatello, Idaho; 8, Ogden, Utah; 9, Rock Springs, Wyo.; 10, Laramie, Wyo.; 11, Holdrege, Neb.; 13, Galesburg, Ill.; 14, Springfield, Ill.; 15, Paducah, Ky.; 16, Robinson, Ill.; 17, Greensburg, Ind. (matinee); 17, Oxford, Ohio (evening); 18, Columbus, Ohio; 19, Springfield, Ohio; 10, Pittsburg, Pa.; 11, Washington, Pa.; 12, Lebanon, Pa.

Post Office Wanted

If anyone has a post office kicking around without a postmaster, we have just the man. He is Master Sergeant Frank Kossick who as a Marine postman for 11 years has delivered the mail on horseback, bicycle, auto, jeep, rickshaw, pedicab (which is a

If something old, something new, something borrowed and plenty of blue means anything, Corporal Samuel Towle and his lovely bride of Baltimore can expect lots of good luck

bicycle development on the rickshaw), airplane, canoe, motor launch and, of course, on foot. Nothing stopped him in the Corps, where mail delivery is sometimes ridiculously difficult, and nothing will stop him as a civilian, either, in getting a job and later in making it hum.

Sgt. Kossick is going out on 23 years and any time now can be reached at his home in Aptos, Calif. His last job in the Corps was serving as NCOinC of the First Division's post office in Tientsin. He hopes his civilian work will be a little less hectic than that was.

Sgt. Kossick got his start as a mailman in 1936 during his fourth cruise when he was assigned duty as a Navy mail clerk. He was stationed at Shanghai. A lot of World War II Marines may remember him. He was in the post office at Camp Elliott, and later postmaster in Pendleton's fabulous Little Tokyo.

Perhaps the highest spot in his career was the time he hired a commercial coastal steamer in China to make a delivery. This was in 1939. The USS *Augusta* had gone up to the Russian port of Vladivostok on a visit, and mail for the men aboard her began to pile up in his Shanghai post office.

This may not be clear to some Marines who are wont to grumble about mail delays, but Sgt. Kossick's main aim in life was to get the mail to the boys as quickly as possible. Toward this end he decided to meet the *Augusta* on her return trip to Shanghai. But where? He had no information on where she would touch en route and he had to make a random choice, using his knowledge of general Navy practices to do it. He settled on Chinwangtao, nearly 500 miles north of Shanghai, and took off in his hired ship. His guess proved right. The Marines got their mail days ahead of time, and only Kossick shivered at the risk he had taken.

During his years of service the sergeant has noted a great improvement in the postal service to the Orient. Before the war, mail was delivered twice a month, on the average. It took 60 days for a China Marine to get a reply to his letters to the States. Now the answers often get back in 12. The airplane, not Kossick, is responsible for this, though.



Arthur J. Burks, a retired Marine lieutenant colonel, autographs one of his late wife's books for a New York nurse before leaving for the Brazilian jungles in search of medicinal plants to combat cancer

about Marines. "I really hope you make it!"

Then he held the elevator door open to watch the youngster walk down the hall until he reached the door of the Marine office. Just before he went in the kid stopped in front of a big pasteboard replica of a Marine in blues and straightened his shoulders.

"What's your name?" said the big, real-life sergeant behind the desk, when the boy walked in.

"Ronald Keith, Sir."

"Well, what can we do for you?"

"Do you think I would make a good mascot?"

"You might, Ronald, but we don't need a mascot right now."

Ronald's face fell.

"Can't I sign up for anything else, then?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not, unless you are 17."

On the way down the elevator operator didn't say anything until he had opened the door to let Master Keith out. He pretended not to notice the gloom on the boy's face.

"How long will it be, son?"

"Seven years," said Ronald.

"You'll make it, son," said the operator, and slammed the door to hide his smile.

The Check Check

Louis Ehrich is one of those guys who can think when he is mad. He never liked ID cards any better than the next one but when he got out of the Corps he found his a much more convincing medium for cashing checks than a billfold full of fancy civilian cards. Even with the skin-headed apparition in one corner that passed as his service picture.

The fixed eye of the suspicious bank cashier, and the insolent condescension of the grocery clerk, when he tried to cash a check, finally got him hot. Then he got an idea. Why not work out a civilian identification system that could be set up on a nationwide basis? Why not make money at it, too?

Ehrich looked up Ned Whitehead, a man who had produced more than twenty million defense plant and military cards during the war. Together they worked out a system and started a company, the National Identification Company, to operate it.

Here's the way it goes. Anyone wanting a civilian ID card merely fills out an application blank, has a photograph taken and sends both to the NIC in Washington, D. C., together with \$2.50, which is the annual fee. His card will be mailed to him within

a few days and his name will be included in the NIC's national register.

This national register is a monthly publication that is available to any bank or business firm for the purpose of ascertaining the validity of ID cards issued by the NIC. Each card has a number by which it can be checked against the list to see whether the bearer is a good risk. And each card has a picture of the man or woman to whom it was issued. The card looks foolproof, even to its special water-marked paper that, enclosed within a sealed transparent plastic cover, cannot be tampered with without mutilation.

This is tough new armor against a sharp practice. The rubber check scribblers will have to think fast to beat Ehrich's idea.

Memorial Mission

Anyone who read *The Leatherneck* during the war will remember the name of Arthur J. Burks and his Gunny Tarr stories that appeared in 1944. Mr. Burks was then a Marine major. He has retired, now, as a lieutenant colonel. But although the war is over and fighting is done for most, it is not done for him.

Mr. Burks recently lost his wife when she died of cancer. She was Lorna Doone Burks, author of the book, "I Die Daily." This tremendous loss has spurred him on in his personal fight against the thing that caused it, and recently he left on his second expedition into the jungles of Brazil.

Mr. Burks believes he may have a clue to the cure of cancer in Brazil's Mundurucus Indians. Not a single person in the tribe suffers from cancer and, believing the Indians might know of a preventative, the former Marine made his first trip to their domain last year. He did not learn the answer to his question and recently he set out again, this time to hunt out medicinal plants known to the tribe. These he intends to bring back to the U. S. for scientific analysis by experts on the dread disease.

It is not beyond the realm of possibility that a Marine who does not know how to quit will discover something important in the struggle against the nation's most dreaded disease.

The Voice of the Castle

It's no secret that Marines have an esprit de corps which make them prone to criticize the Army,

particularly in wartime when everyone's time seems short. Recently a group of Marines who, in line of duty were compelled to go to Fort Belvoir, Va., thus laid themselves open to the long memory of the post's newspaper.

When the Marines first appeared they set the place agog. That always happens whenever Marines appear among people who are non-Marines. And Army men are, of course, people who are non-Marines. Rumors flew. (*Rumor* is the civilian and Army word for scuttlebutt.) Were the Marines there to build up Army morale?

Quoth the base newspaper, *The Castle*:

"The Marines have landed and the situation is fairly well. These Marines, 11 in number, and Semper Fidelis in motto, are here to benefit from an eight to 12 weeks course being offered in the topographic branch of the Engineer School. It's just further proof that in the long run, everyone looks to the Army."

Well, in the long run perhaps everyone does.

Good Duty

Here and now take a gander at Miss Dorothy Franey (see cut below) who supplies one of the more pleasant aspects of recruiting duty in Texas.

The whole idea is publicity for the recruiting service. The blurb that came with the picture says:

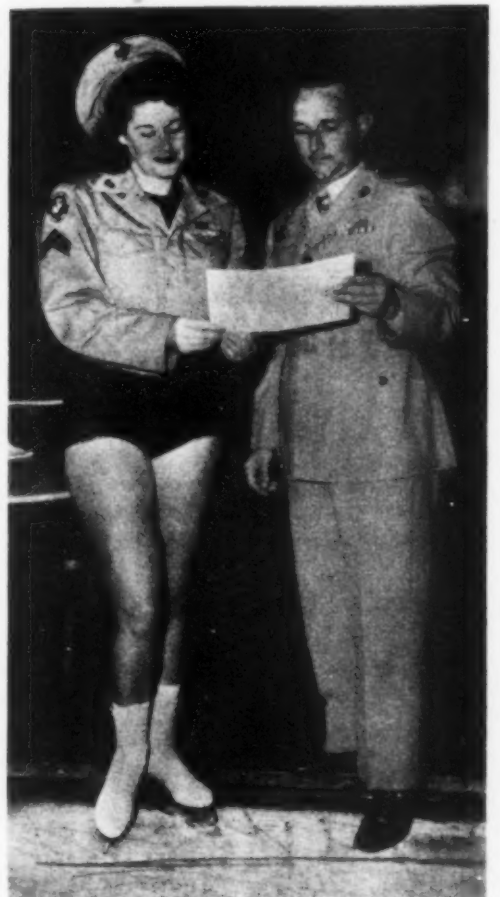
"Recruiting should pick up in the Dallas area, because DHRS (District Headquarters Recruiting Station) Dallas now has a recruiting sergeant who men of all ages would like to be stopped on the street by."

Right.

But although Dot was recently made an honorary recruiting sergeant you won't find her waiting to accept your application in the Dallas recruiting office, bub. Just Captain L. R. Cloern, the officer in charge of the office, the man in the picture.

Miss Franey is strong for Marines, though, and willing to lend her name to the recruiting cause. She is well known throughout the world for her ice skating. She holds 11 out of a possible 14 speed records and has represented the U. S. in two Olympic games. At the moment, she is the producer of the ice revue in the Century Room of the Hotel Adolphus in Dallas.

END



Although Miss Franey works on ice, prospective Marines will not get a cold reception from her

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Had your fill of blaring cigarette claims? Well, maybe this'll be music to your ears: Old Golds promise you only *pleasure*.

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instead of a TREATMENT
... try an Old Gold



"OH, MY!
I'M
GLAD
MY
SHOES
ARE
SHINED"

"I know I can pass inspection
with that good GRIFFIN shine
on my shoes. You can't look
your best without one, can
you?"



GRIFFIN

THE GREATEST NAME
IN SHOE POLISH

THE LONG SENTENCE (cont.)



Ferdie shot a quick glance of appraisal. A PFC was recording his words. A sergeant major looked as if he had much rather be sitting in on a trial of Gypsy Rose Lee. He had probably heard them all.

The colonel sat waiting; maybe he had relaxed in his chair a little. Ferdie decided to go for it; maybe the officer was a family man.

"Sir, Miss Gallop is the woman I am going to marry. I could not let Pvt. Bertz say the things he did that night and go unpunished."

"Were there any difficulties in the bar?"

"No sir. When I stood up, he ran. Miss Gallop asked me to forget it. We finished our drink and went to a movie."

"I did not see Pvt. Bertz until the day at 43rd and Amalgamation."

The interest now shown by the colonel gave him inspiration for fuller statement. Before the end of the inquiry he had credited the scion of the Bertz brood with some very scorching remarks which it had plainly pained him to repeat.

The private could only admit that he had been in the bar alone, and that he had been tipling. His refutation was obviously weak. He had no witnesses to help him on the point.

Miss Gallop was called and her remarks tallied in a satisfactory manner with Sergeant Duncan's delicate affirmations. When asked about the impending nuptials, she paused and then showed strains of diplomacy surprising in one weaned on apple cider.

"We have plans, sir."

Ferdie's punishment included some words of caution and other sounds which bordered on benediction. The colonel must have been a successfully married man.

Ferdie and Anna went back to the place on Fourteenth Street. She took one straight in celebration. He winced at the sight of her not wincing. She may have been cute, as she insisted on describing herself in moments of beery elation, but she was not human. Any woman who could grin after a formaldehyde mouth-wash like that was not for him.

"Well, the old man swallowed that one as if it were sugar-coated." In his tone he appropriated all credit for the thwarting of martial justice.

"Yes, Ferdie, it sold. But you will admit that you stretched the facts to cover a lot of dirty territory."

"It was necessary, kid. I was in the bucket for good if he did not fall for the marriage routine."

"Yeah, but remember that all Bertz said to you here in the bar was that your nose looked like the door-knob of a new-painted barn. In your own fashion, you're an artist, Ferdie."

"It was pretty good, I gotta admit. But I had to do it."

Anna was not listening; she was searching the premises for their waitress. Ferdie nudged her elbow which rested on the table.

"Say, the captain was talking to me today. He said he was arranging to transfer me. I smell too bad in official nostrils around these parts. I asked for the Great Lakes area; he said he could fix it. He wasn't as sore as I thought."

"It'll be nice. Good swimming in the summer," said Anna, as her interest began to rise.

"Swim? I haven't been swimming since I was in high-school. Who wants to swim?"

"I do," she purred.

"So-o-o?" Ferdie could use his eyebrows and at the moment they were threatening to join his scalp line.

"So this . . . " she was fumbling in the handbag in which she carried cigars and souvenirs of a 1942 picnic, "see this little document?"

"Of course, I'm not blind."

"No, but your memory isn't too good."

She waved a small bale of printed matter.

"This is the testimony from your hearing. There was something about marriage; the colonel gave it to me and told me to let him know if you forget any of your fairy tales."

"Aw, Anna, surely you don't think I . . ."

"No, I don't have to think. I have it in print. I have already written to Pappa."

"Pappa" is a terrible word. Ferdie thought of 12-gauge shot-guns. He proposed.

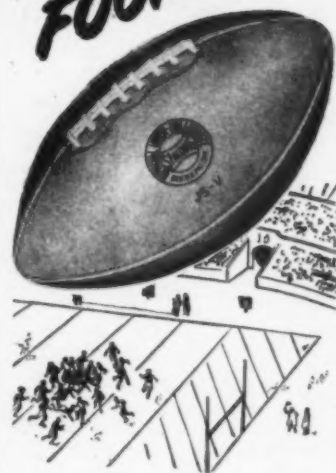
She accepted gracefully and ordered another one, straight.

Some day in the early fifties of this century, a child will hear about the courtship of its parents.

"Yes, your mother was truly a beautiful woman. Most popular girl in her class at Vassar. At first she was not much interested, but I was not to be put off. I . . ."

END

IN BIG-TIME FOOTBALL



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... OFFICIAL with America's top
coaches and teams!

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Representatives wanted

Sound Off

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

ROUGHEST AT DAGO OR P.I.

Sirs:

There are seven of us around here who served with the Corps during the war. We have formed a sort of club to swap snow jobs and bend elbows every Friday night. All in good form.

One of the pet arguments of our group is the old battle as to which boot camp was the toughest. Being an ex-P.I. man I know that I am right when I say it was P.I. To convince those of my buddies who had it easy at 'Dago, while we were being roughed up at P.I., I told them of an exercise we always did at calisthenics. They laughed and scoffed at the idea, like I was trying to snow them.

The enclosed drawing is a reproduction of the exercise. It was taught us by a Sergeant Baker, who I think has been discharged.

If you can verify in print that the exercise is a common one at P.I., you will be helping a lot.

A one time PFC
Nashville, Tenn.



• Boot camp seems to get a little easier each year, if we are to believe what those who came through before would have us believe. It must have really been rugged 25-50 years ago. As for the exercise you mention, we are not familiar with it but maybe some of the readers are. The argument about East and West coast Marines will probably go on as long as there is a Marine Corps.—Ed.

IT WAS EVER THUS

Sirs:

It seems to me that someone is using mighty poor judgment when it comes to giving out stripes. Tell me—why promote a man who has less than six months to serve, when he preaches bloody murder about how he hates the Corps and readily admits that he wouldn't sign over if they gave him six stripes? There are others who are in for longer enlistments and darned proud to be in the Corps. They do their jobs well and remain PFC's.

Another PFC
(Praying for Corporal)
Oahu, Hawaii.

• Potential 30-year men usually holler the loudest about how they are getting out "at the end of this cruise."—Ed.

"MOOSE'S" RANGE STORY

Sirs:

I have served in the Marine Corps practically continuously since 1925, and during that rather lengthy tenure of duty have very naturally heard sundry stories of our prowess on rifle ranges. Recently on the Puuloa Rifle Range here on "Wahoo" a certain master sergeant, of ancient vintage in the Corps, was firing for record and in order to qualify as expert he needed a 47 on the last range. Well, Sir, this old "Beer-Belly Baby" was plenty worried for in addition to losing all of his teeth his eyes were going haywire on him and he needed a 5 to pick up the extra cash that an expert gets (he had always made expert during the numerous times he had shot for record).

Anyone ever having served on "Wahoo," (and who hasn't) knows of the quaint forms of insect life that inhabit this "Island," as the natives call it. "Beer-Belly" was squeezing off that last shot and praying to all the Chinese Gods that he had become acquainted with during five tours of duty in China. He was just about to let it go when Whamo! A centipede of the size of those in the Martian Age stung him on the ankle and "Beer-Belly" naturally pulled the trigger and grabbed his ankle at the same time—up comes a V5 and out goes "Beer-Belly" like a light. He finally came to and said, "I'm getting so damned old that I have to get centipedes to aid me in making expert."

Maybe Lieutenant Colonel Jim Crowe or Melvin Huff or some of the old gang can top this one—Brother, I had my feet off of the deck.

MSgt. Hubert
"Moose" Graves
Oahu, Hawaii.

• Anyone wish to compete with "Moose" on his range story?—Ed.

MEDAL OF HONOR

Sirs:

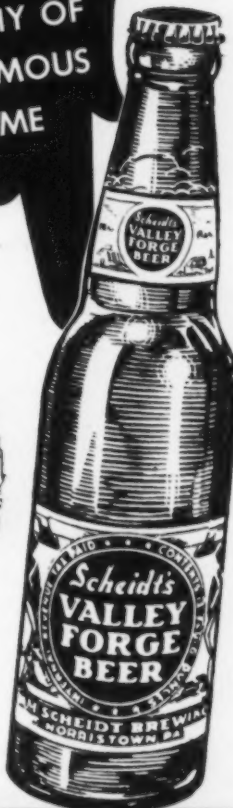
Can you cut me in on the scoop? What is the Medal of Honor awarded for, and does it carry any gratuity?

William Johnston
St. Louis, Mo.

• The Navy Medal of Honor is awarded to any person who, while in the naval service of the United States, shall, in action involving actual combat with the enemy, or in the line of his profession, distinguish himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty and without detriment to the mission. It is awarded for both combat and non-combat action and carries a gratuity of \$2.00 a month, for enlisted men only.—Ed.

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)

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NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I.C.S. dedicates the above message.



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Because he keeps his gold just for ransom money. If you catch him, he'll quickly tell you where his gold is, so you'll let him go.

The best place to look for a leprechaun is in the woods. They're green, and only about nine inches tall, so you'll have to—

Or maybe you don't believe in leprechauns.

Maybe it would be more practical to just keep working for your money. But

you can learn one good lesson from these little fellows.

A small pot of gold put to one side is a great help when trouble catches you.

And there's a much faster and easier way to get your pot of gold than by catching leprechauns. You can buy U. S. Savings Bonds through an automatic purchase plan.

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And your money increases one third every ten years. That would make a leprechaun turn even greener with envy.

Save the easy, automatic way—
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SOUND OFF (cont.)

CONCLUSIONS OBVIOUS

Sirs:

In regard to Corporal D. J. Cardinal, you will no doubt receive many letters. (Army Corp. Cardinal accused Marines of being glory hunters and phonies. He said their magazine was full of inquiries asking the editors "what do I rate."—Ed.) May I compliment you on your choice comment concerning the hazard of printing his address. Your fears are justified. His letter spurred me to writing my first letter ever to a magazine.

Certain conclusions are obvious after reading Cardinal's letter chastising the Marines.

1. He does not understand human nature or he would realize that awards are given to military personnel in order to increase the incentive for efficient, obedient duty.

2. He is a hypocrite if he claims to find no satisfaction when someone compliments him on his work, be it done verbally or by presentation of a medal or ribbon.

3. Marines cannot be categorically termed "glory hunters." They have never intentionally sought it, but it has been showered upon them as a result of their war and peacetime deeds.

4. He mistakes modesty for presumptuousness when he states Marines are always asking whether they deserve a certain ribbon. At least they ask in order that they will know what is legally theirs to wear.

5. If the Army fellows have lost interest in their ribbons, why do so many of them still wear them. Outside of formal parades, you will find few regular Marines today displaying their battleground wares.

Currently a college sophomore, I was formerly a WR in Barracks 63, Camp Lejeune, N.C. For extra liberty money, I used to sell copies of your magazine. And now, as of April 28, I am a member of the USMCR Women's Reserve, inactive but proud of all my past affiliations with the Corps.

Antoinette Skeleton
Pasadena, Calif.

● Numerous letters were received in answer to Corporal Cardinal's "Teed Off With Marines" in Sound Off. He must by now be flattered with the proportions of his Leatherneck mail.—Ed.

EXPLAINS NEW DUNGAREES

Sirs:

In answer to Corporal E. A. McDermott's inquiry concerning our "sea-bag seated" dungarees, I certainly agree with him that they are "impractical and bulky" for present needs. Nevertheless they are the latest design of the quartermaster, adapted for combat purposes.

The rear pocket was intended for grenades while the side pockets carried ammunition. Note the strings on the trouser cuffs to be pulled tight in the event of a gas attack. The large neck flap on the jacket and buttons on the sleeves were designed for the same reason. The slit pockets in the breast of the jacket might be used to carry ammunition or cover the hands in case of a gas attack.

The dungaree was re-designed toward the end of the war in fear that the Japanese might resort to gas in their desperate last stand. They were issued too late to be of any value to combat troops, and of course, the Japanese used no gas.

Eugene McDonnell
Philadelphia, Pa.



MORE INFO ON BOOKS

Sirs:

In re the ex-Marine who was inquiring about "And A Few Marines in July Sound Off."

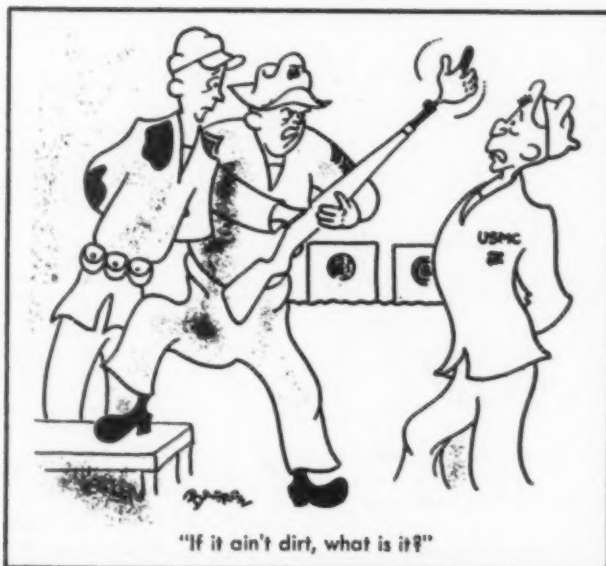
I think I can square him away on this—the book he refers to is not "And A Few Marines," it is "Retreat Hell" and was written by William Martin Camp, a two-time Marine.

He was in his second tour of duty in China when I met him. His first tour was with the old Fourth Regiment, his second was as a Public Information writer with the First Marine Division at Tientsin. He returned to the States in July, 1946, for discharge.

I am sure this ex-Marine could get the book at any good book store. It is not an official Marine Corps publication—just a good book.

Incidentally, the author also wrote another very good book titled "Skip to My Lou."

Staff Sergeant W. H. Mitchem
Washington, D. C.



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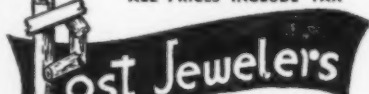


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see Page 62

NOT TOO STIFF

Sirs:

I wish to give *The Leatherneck* staff a good STIFF pat on the back for addition of those articles—Great Dates of the Marine Corps—appearing on the inside cover page in recent issues.

Many people will become better acquainted with the Corps and its history through those articles. The public as a whole has long been lacking in this knowledge.

Calvin R. Sipes

Londonville, Ohio.

• Many letters have been received complimenting the magazine on its new “great dates” series. It is hoped that the articles can be continued as a standing feature in future issues.—Ed.



OUT OF THE ARCHIVES

Sirs:

I just finished reading the article, “Retreat Hell,” one of your “Great Dates of the Marine Corps.” Sergeant L. F. Johnston states that the originator of those famous words —“Retreat Hell, We Just Got Here”—has been lost to history.

I am sure that if the good sergeant will go through the history of the 51st Company, Fifth Regiment, Fourth Marine Brigade, he will find that the young Marine officer who uttered them was Captain Lloyd W. Williams, who was later killed on the 6th or 7th of June while leading his company in a charge. The author mentions the very same officer in a paragraph following to the effect that he was killed after ignoring an order to withdraw.

Capt. Lloyd Williams was cited for his bravery, and his citation in part reads as follows: “Capt. Lloyd W. Williams, 51st Company, Fifth Marines: Led his company fearlessly, advancing under heavy fire, reached his objective, organized it and secured it to left front of the 1st Battalion and aided materially in holding the ground taken; he was killed.”

This citation was taken from the book, “With The Help Of God And A Few Marines,” by Brigadier General A. W. Catlin, 1918, page 353. The words and the name of their originator was taken from the flyleaf of “Retreat Hell,” by William Martin Camp, 1943. It is a novel depicting the battles of the Fourth Marine Brigade after leaving China for the Philippines just before the outbreak of the last war and up to the fall of Corregidor.

I would like to know whether or not anyone else has any views on this subject. Also, could I obtain a 1903 Springfield or 1917 Enfield through the Marine Corps or Army? The Oakland Detachment of the Marine Corps League is trying to form a rifle club and drill team and have asked me to obtain any information I can.

Howard Waples

Oakland, Calif.

• The information you submit has been cor-

roborated by other letters to Sound Off and is correct.

Only members of the National Rifle Association of America can obtain .03 Springfields from the government. For information on how to obtain them for your club, write to the association at 1600 Rhode Island Ave., NW., Washington 6, D. C.—Ed.

ALLOTMENTS STATUS QUO

Sirs:

Is it true that allotments to dependents of Marines will be discontinued? If so, will these Marines be eligible for discharge?

Nanette Gilbert

Philadelphia, Pa.

• Dependents of Marines who enlisted prior to July 1, 1946, will continue to receive family allotments for the period of that enlistment. Men who enlisted after July 1, 1946, entitle their dependents to family allotments for the duration of the national emergency plus six months. Marines in the first classification who reenlist will automatically be governed by the second.—Ed.

PUCs — GUAM AND IWO JIMA

Sirs:

I was with E Company, 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, and would like to know what I rate in ribbons. I joined the company before we went to Guam and I was with it until I got hit on Iwo. Is there any division at headquarters to which I may write for the information.

Al Murphy

San Antonio, Tex.

• The 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, is entitled to the Presidential Unit Citation awarded the Third Marines, reinforced, serving as the Third Combat Team for service on Guam July 21 to August 10, 1944. A Presidential Unit Citation was also awarded the assault troops of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, reinforced, for service in action against the enemy on Iwo Jima from the 19th to the 28th of February, 1945. You would of course be entitled to wear the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal for service in that theatre as well as the Victory Medal for service during the war. Inasmuch as you did not state any other particulars in your service career, we would advise you to write Decorations and Medals Division, Marine Corps Headquarters, Arlington Annex, Arlington, Va., for further information.—Ed. (CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)

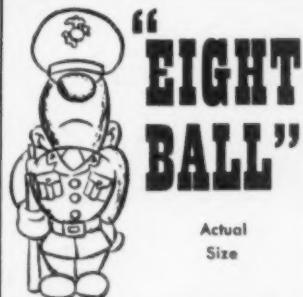
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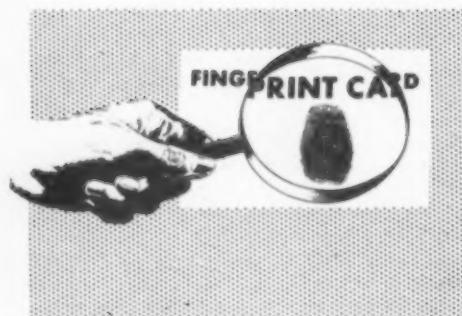
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Pacific Branch: Navy No. 128, FPO., San Francisco, Calif.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

CITATIONS FOR FOURTH

Sirs:

I am a former member of the Fourth Division and would like to know if that unit received any kind of citation for Iwo Jima. Some say the division was awarded the Navy Unit citation and some say they weren't. I would also like to know if you can wear decorations earned while in the Marines on an army uniform, after joining that branch of service.

Drego Burattini

Fayetteville, N. C.

• According to instructions contained in *ALMAR 188*, dated 10Dec46, all assault units of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, including the Fourth Division (Reinf.), were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for Iwo Jima. All personnel of supporting units of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, not included in the above and who were ashore between 19-28 February, 1945, were awarded the Navy Unit Commendation. No unit received both citations for Iwo. Decorations won as a Marine may be worn on Army or Navy uniforms.—Ed.

REJECTS "SAVE OUR SOULS"

Sirs:

In a past issue I noticed where someone wanted a definition of SOS. Your answer, "that in the parlance of the sea it is 'Save Our Souls,' but to Marines it is creamed beef on toast" is good, but does it really give any clue to the real meaning? How about "Something on a Shingle"?

Charles T. Williamson
Providence, R. I.

DEFENDS OLD NON-COMS

Sirs:

In reference to a letter in your July issue concerning PFC LeBas' answer to "Where Is The Chaplain" (LeBas stated he thought the boot NCO's, referred to in an earlier article, were far superior to some of the old Corps Non-Coms.—Ed.) I would like to throw in my two cents worth in defense of the older non-coms. I have only done two and a half years in the Corps, but it has been done under both old salts and the so called "eight month wonders." I prefer the older non-coms as they at least know what is going on in the Marine Corps.

As far as education goes, you will find many of the older men with more education, both practical and scholastic, than many of the "eight month boys." Now to bring up the matter of military efficiency. We have a man here with 27 years service, a gunny (now technical sergeant) that is just as military minded and military looking as you will ever see.

In closing I am wondering if some of these grippers would rather be in battle with an eight month wonder or an old non-com who is less likely to get rattled than a younger two or three stripe general. This is no personal reflection on anyone, but I think PFC LeBas should look at the right side of the question and reconsider.

PFC Stanley Adams
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

ARMY AT BOUGAINVILLE

Sirs:

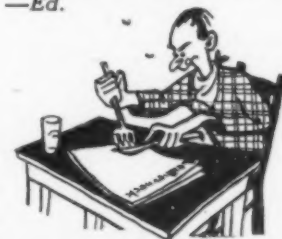
I am a discharged Marine enjoying civilian life after having served with the Twenty-First Regiment, Third Marine Division from the time it was formed at New River, N. C., until I got chopped up on Guam in July, 1944. But this is not my reason for writing you this letter.

Lately I have become acquainted with an ex-doggie, formerly with 37th Army Division, who claims they hit the beach at Bougainville the same time we — the Twenty-First Marines—did. He also claims that it was the Army, not the Marines, who secured a beachhead there. I know we were on the front lines about 50 days before we saw any Army personnel of either the 37th or Americal Division.

I politely told him he was fouled up worse than a Jap fire drill (are they fouled up, too?—Ed.), but he is very persistent and willing to eat any proof I can show him in black and white. How about squaring us away on the subject and put a little seasoning on the page this appears. The doggie is going to have quite a time eating it.

A Third Divvy Marine
Altoona, Pa.

• The Third Marine Division (Reinforced) landed in the Empress Augusta Bay area of Bougainville Island beginning at 0730, 1 November, 1943. The forward echelon of the 37th Infantry Division, U. S. Army arrived on Bougainville 8 November, 1943, and on 13 November, 1943, took over the west sector.—Ed.



FOURTH DIVISION CEMETERY

Sirs:

We have noticed in your columns recently many requests for photographs of graves and military cemeteries. My parents would greatly appreciate a picture of the grave of our only son and brother, Private Frank J. Driscoll, Jr., USMC, who was killed on Iwo Jima.

He has been reported buried in Plot 1, Row 1, Grave 10, Fourth Division Cemetery on Iwo Jima. We would also like to have a picture of the Fourth Division Cemetery. We have seen many of the Fifth Division, but never the Fourth.

Mrs. E. Glynn Stanley
Vallejo, Calif.

• Headquarters, Marine Corps can furnish pictures of the Fourth Division Cemetery on Iwo Jima to anyone normally entitled to such photos. However, they do not have any pictures of individual graves. Address your request to "Casualty Division," Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.—Ed.

P.O. CANCELLATIONS

Sirs:

Since the Marine Corps won't accept enlistments of men unable to meet their high physical requirements I have to content myself with just being an admirer of the Corps and collecting stamps. In this connection I am attempting to assemble a collection of postal cancellations of each foreign and domestic Marine Corps base, as well as vessels of the Navy named for Marine heroes. Therefore, I would appreciate an envelope or postal card from Marines who would be so kind as to send me an example of the postmark used at their base or station.

Rowland P. Gill
408 Eastland Ave.,
Ruston, La.

A PFC NAVIGATOR

Sirs:

As a navigator, and many of my fellow navigators have the same question to ask, I want to know why a lot of us have never advanced past the rank of PFC when we got out of school, when during the war they advanced to technical sergeant. Now the Army and Navy both have commissions for their navigators, so, why can't the Marines—as they are a part of the Navy—give those men who qualify with a high enough GCT and who have a couple years of college a chance to become an officer? If, since the officer ranks are filled, and this is impossible, why can't they make navigators at least tech sergeants?

If the Marine Corps can't give such men officer rank, won't unification of the Armed Services make all jobs, whatever the service, subject to the same rating? In other words, won't navigators in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps come under the same law?

A Marine Navigator
New Bern, N. C.

● Check with your first sergeant and see if your SSN is 973 (navigatory); if it is you can go all the way up to master sergeant; which, incidentally, isn't a bad rating in any service. If you have some other spec number, it may be that you have yet to prove your qualifications to hold a 973 spec. Unification will not necessarily affect the Marine Corps in the way you suggest. The Commandant, with approval by the Secretary of Navy, will still determine the policy of the Marine Corps regarding promotions, etc.—Ed.

LANDING AT KUME SHIMA

Sirs:

In regard to the landing on Kume Shima, you forgot to mention a platoon of Armored Amphibs. They were the 1st platoon, C Company, 3rd Armored Amphibian Tractor Battalion. Our CO was Capt. W. S. La Francois and the platoon leader was Lieut. Varley.

If I am not mistaken there was one casualty on the rock. As for the island being secured, there was no attempt made to do so. We set up a small line of defense to guard a radar outfit and were there from 26 June, 45 until 8 July, 45.

Harold R. Hofmocker
Glenwood, Ia.

DON'T BRAG OF CASUALTIES

Sirs:

In a recent edition of *The Leatherneck* I read an article in Sound Off by Arthur Kuhn (Kuhn wanted a breakdown of casualties in the Corps by units as he thought the Army was bragging a little too much about their casualties, and further believed the First Division would have them beat.—Ed) which prompted me to pass on a little straight dope.

A high loss of men to an outfit does not always constitute a superior fighting ability. I know the men of the Fourth Marines always figured the outfit that did the job with the least amount of casualties was the well organized and efficient fighting team. I am not censuring Kuhn, personally, as I have also heard lots of other men remark on the high casualties they have suffered.

It seems to me that the objective is the important point to brag about, not the loss of men—even though the losses may not be in vain.

Bruce Kircher
Fresno, Calif.

WANTS TO FIND "CLIFF"

Sirs:

While I was with S-2 of the Fifth Marine Regiment I made an acquaintance with another Marine from S-2 of the First Division. I know his first name was Cliff, but for the life of me I can't think of his last name. I would like to contact this man.

A boy from my home town was killed in a crash while with the "Flying Tiger." This Cliff, then a civilian, was with the Tigers at the time of the accident. The man who was killed was an only son and his folks have never heard any of the details. I will appreciate any help you can give in locating this man.

Geo. M. Gwinn
Box #603
Okanogan, Wash.

● About the only help we can give is to publish your letter in *Sound Off* with the hopes that the man in question sees it and writes you.—Ed.

JONES USED 36-INCH BULL

Sirs:

Request information as to the size of the bulls-eye of target used by Gunnery Sergeant Tom Jones when he put 66 straight shots through the "bull" at 1000 yards.

Louis Gado
San Jose, Calif.

● The bulls-eye was 36 inches, and the place was at Seagirt, N. J., during the Libby Trophy Match in August 22, 1921. The range was 1100 yards. Jones is at the Rifle Range, MCB, San Diego, Calif.—Ed.

VICTORY MEDAL ONLY

Sirs:

I have heard a little talk around the area that we rate wearing a few ribbons. Since I don't know for sure, and don't want to wear any I don't rate, can you help me out? I didn't enlist until last June, 1946.

PFC S. Gerichten
Allentown, Penn.

● You rate the Victory medal.—Ed.

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)



Leatherneck

All your old favorites, "Gunter Gherkin," "Gizmo and Eightball," and that character, "Peepsight" are there to entertain you if you're looking for hours of reading pleasure. And if you want news about the Corps, "We-The Marines" and "Sound Off" cover the field. Feature articles, fiction and a new series of stories, "Posts Of The Corps," round out the magazine

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GYRENE GYNGLES

THE CROSS ON IWO JIMA

Let him sleep on Iwo Jima,
Where his gallant comrades lie.
Set his cross among their crosses,
Lined against an alien sky.
Let the waves eternal murmur
Lisp the love he was denied.
Carve the Moon with hieroglyphics,
When they fell, and how they died.
Carve his niche among the others,
Write his record in a rune,
Where his loved ones may translate
it,
Never tarnished, on the Moon.
Let the stars on Iwo Jima
Flicker nightly on the brave.
Each an everlasting taper,
Honor trims on every grave.

—ANON



CONFIDENTIALLY YOURS

I wouldn't like to fall out with Uncle Sam,
who objects to distinction of his clan,
But from all that I glean,
if a gal wants a guy super-keen
as the embodiment of woman's dream,
she couldn't do better than pick a Marine.

—LILA COLEMAN

ON IWO JIMA

On Iwo Jima, history that will live
for countless ages
Was made by men who gave their
all, to mould our history's pages;
With never a thought of turning
back; they fought until they fell,
On the slopes of Iwo Jima;
On the slopes that turned to Hell.

They stormed the flaming beaches,
and where their feet had trod,
The Japanese were cast off by their
heathen Shinto God.
Marines kept faces to the foe, while
Death's scythe rose and fell
On the slopes of Iwo Jima;
On the slopes that turned to Hell.

Into man's diabolical madness,
seared by War's ruthless breath,
They faltered, formed, charged
again, into the jaws of Death.
With faces bleak as granite, Marines
marched an endless horde
While the Japs fell back in terror
From their Democlesion sword.



Onward through the flaming hell,
the battle took its toll;
They turned not back, but onward
plunged, to their final goal;
Atop Mount Suribachi — from the
hands of heroes there;

Old Glory, Flag of Freedom
Was unfurled into the air.

We must remember Iwo, and our
Heroes there that bloody day;
We must remember those who lived,
and those who had to stay.
We must remember what they faced,
when Suribachi fell;
And the slopes of Iwo Jima;
And the slopes that turned to Hell.

—FRANK L. GRUBBS

A MARINE

Corporal, what are your ribbons for?
Tell me what each of 'em means.
One I got in the Spanish War,
And one in the Philippines.
One I got in the Boxer brush
For makin' the Chinks be good.
And one for helpin' block the Boche
In bloody old Belleau Wood.

Corporal, if I should join your Corps,
Oh what would it do for me?
You'd learn to "range this wide
world o'er,"
By sky and by earth and sea —
To be at home in lands that lie
Where the East and the West
Worlds meet;
To front the best man, eye to eye,
And stand on your own two feet.



O Corporal, tell me, straight, what
kind
Of a man does the Marine Corps
make?
The sort of chap you're glad to find
At your side when a rough-
house breaks —
The sort of chap who can crack a
joke,
And laugh when the sky looks
black,
The kind who'll share his last lone
smoke
Or give you the shirt off his back.

—ANON

AN EX-MARINE REMEMBERS

I remember my hitch with the
Leathernecks,
With a funny feeling inside,
I can't quite pin a name on it,
But maybe you'd call it pride.

The asking-no-quarter, the give-
and-take,
Being judged by the way you
worked,
We knew it was pretty much up to
each guy,
And there weren't many that
shirked!

I remember, too, the lighter things,
Like shooting the good old breeze
With the guys in the slop-chute over
a brew —
What good old memories!

How I like to remember my days in
the Corps,
From Boot Camp to combat, and
back —
But the place that I like to recall
them is here,
At home, in my own good old sack
—VERNON O. COMPTON

SOUND OFF (cont.)

LONG LETTERS

Sirs:

There is one thing I can say
for *Leatherneck*—you publish
more letters and longer an-
swers than any other magazine
I have ever come across.

PFC. G. N. Jacob
Cherry Point, N. C.

• We feel that if a man
wants to know something
he should get all the infor-
mation we can give. Be-
sides most letters are also
of general interest to others
in the Corps, so we like to
get a full mail box every
day.—Ed.



MARINES ON LEYTE

Sirs:

In the December issue of
Leatherneck you said: "The
First Marine Air Wing and two
battalions of 155's were the only
identified Marines on Leyte."
I believe you might find, if you
investigated, that a section of
the Air Liaison group from the
3rd JASCO was also present
on D-Day.

I have often wondered why
no mention has been made of
this fact since the Army brought
us all the way from Guam, by
air, to help out.

A 3rd JASCO
"Ex-Marine"

Chicago, Ill.

• Headquarters lists the
following Marine units as
taking part in the Leyte
invasion: Corps Artillery,
V Amphibious Corps —
Headquarters Battalion,
5th 155-mm. Battalion,
11th 155-mm. Battalion—
Air Section, Air Liaison
Section, 2nd and 3rd
JASCO's. In its Pacific
edition of February 15,
1945, *Leatherneck* carried
a story on JASCO's work
at Leyte. It was called
"Leyte Landing."—Ed.

CONVENTION FOR DI'S

Sirs:

There are many names which
have appeared in *Leatherneck*
that I have recognized as hav-
ing been on P.I. during the
same time I was there. For in-
stance in the Pacific Edition of
June 15, 1945, I saw an article,
under the headline "The
Mighty Mite," about PFC
John Ionna. I happened to be
the DI who brought him
through boot camp in the 3rd
Battalion. It did me good to
see that one of my boys had
come through in good shape.
And, of course I have recog-
nized many names among the
casualty columns that I hated to
see. One of these was a very
good buddy, Platoon Sergeant
Joseph R. Julian, who was post-
humously awarded the Medal of
Honor. There are a lot of us
who remember him at P.I. and
what a swell fellow he was.

Now I would like to ask a
question not to just one but to
all DI's who were at P.I., be-
fore and after the war, what
they think of a convention in
some big city that could be
reached centrally. Of course it
is just a dream now, but I have
been thinking of it for a long
time and decided to ask
Leatherneck to mention the
idea in Sound Off.

If any of the fellows are in-
terested they could write to
me and express their views on
the subject. And at the same
time I would like to say hello
to all of the fellows I met and
worked with during my cruise
in the Corps. Hope some of
you fellows will drop me a line
whenever you can find time.

Tiny Renaker

South Park Ave.
Boca Grande, Fla.

WHAT'S POGEY-BAIT?

Sirs:

Our DI's favorite story was
telling about the Sixth Marines
buying thousands of bars of
pogey-bait and 2 bars of soap
on board ship. He never could
explain to us where candy ever
got the name of pogey-bait.
How about it?

Just out of P.I.
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

• The post office might
object to the answer of this
one. Suggest you ask your
first sergeant, or any Ma-
rine with a little time in
the Corps.—Ed. **END**



WHY LOSE

- ★ *LONGEVITY?*
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- ★ *RANK?*
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The **Leatherneck**

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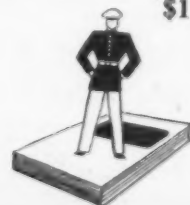
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Books Reviewed



THE MONEYMAN. By Thomas B. Costain. The Country Life Press, Garden City, N. Y. \$3.00.

THE AUTHOR of "The Black Rose" has given us another superb and dramatic novel. Set in 15th Century France, the story is built upon the life and adventures of Jacques Coeur whose amazing ability, vision and ideals made him one of history's most unusual characters.

In spite of the fact that he was born a commoner, he became the world's first great merchant prince and amassed the greatest fortune that had ever been held by a private citizen. From behind the scenes he directed the war against the English, advancing large sums from his personal wealth to help drive the enemy from Normandy.

Ennobled by royal decree, he was admitted to the court of Charles VII where his life was a constant battle with the aristocracy who never actually accepted him into their society. They resented the power he held by virtue of his great fortune and his bond of friendship with the king's mistress, the wise and beautiful Agnes Sorel.

But Coeur was not satisfied with wealth and power. He wanted the invaders driven out of France, but, in his idealistic dreams, he envisioned the day when peaceful world trade would replace war between nations.

"The Moneyman" is an exciting, romantic story of a great love, subtle conspiracy, firm loyalty and a betrayal.

—J.F.M.



THE HARD WAY HOME. By Colonel William C. Braly. The Infantry Journal Press. \$3.50.

AS THE wounds of war slowly heal, there is a tendency to forgive the Japanese their sins and to forget many of the atrocities for which we swore vengeance. In fact, most Americans are genuinely pleased at the progress which is being made in preparing Japan to resume her place in the peaceful family of nations.

The military leaders have taken the rap, and the Japanese people have been given a clean slate. It was not their war, we are told, and if they have sufficient voice in their government,

under a democratic constitution, they will not permit a brutal, sadistic, military clique to plunge them into another war of aggression.

There is a small group of Americans, however, who are not anxious to forgive and forget, nor are they pleased when we seem willing to write off their hardships and suffering too easily. These are the men who lived through the war as prisoners of the Japanese and they know, all too well, that the Japanese people will need a long period of schooling to erase the inhuman and brutal instincts carefully cultivated by their former leaders.

The guards at the prisoner of war camps were "Japanese people." They were not the military leaders. They didn't even have a long period of military life behind them. They were Japanese peasants, or laborers, pressed into service during the war, and when they beat helpless prisoners, slapped them for little or no provocation, and actually tortured them for hours to relieve the monotony of a long night watch, they were not carrying out any direct orders from above.

Americans who appreciate a simple, factual story of courage in the highest degree should read this book. The great inner strength with which our men withstood humiliation, despair, torture and starvation gives the reader a mixed feeling of sympathy, pride, and respect for those who had to take the hard way home.

—J.F.M.



KINGSBLOOD ROYAL. By Sinclair Lewis. Random House. \$3.00.

IN HIS 63rd year and 20th novel, Sinclair Lewis is the same powerful, honest, and often bitter author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "It Can't Happen Here."

"Kingsblood Royal" is not Lewis' greatest novel. The people who carry its plot lack the quality of realism which has made Lewis a master of characterization. But if the author has been more concerned with his theme than with his characters, it is because he has struck vehemently at the most controversial and explosive social question facing Americans today. Criticisms may be leveled at the book, but the deep-rooted prejudices, superstitions, and ignorance which lead inevitably to racial discrimination are revealed with shocking honesty. Sinclair Lewis pulls no punches.

When Neil Kingsblood, a young, successful business man, a veteran, and the father of a beautiful and charming little girl, accidentally discovers that he is 1/32 Negro he is at once beset by inner conflicts which make his life almost unbearable. He keeps his secret to himself, but his knowledge drives him to a closer friendship with the Negroes of Grand Republic. The terrible prejudice and unfairness which he suddenly sees in true perspective influence him in this close kinship.

How he is finally driven to reveal his secret to his family and friends, and the effect of this action upon his position in the community, his wife, his daughter, and his former friends, makes

an absorbing story. Told by Sinclair Lewis, it becomes an angry, bitter, and impatient story which lays bare in all its ugliness the tragedy of the whole racial question in America.

The author carefully avoided the selection of a southern town as the setting for this novel. If he had, the chances are that the intersectional controversy which it would have touched off might have obscured the fact that the underlying problems are national in scope and are not confined to any one section of the country.

It is difficult to imagine a normal man reacting as Neil Kingsblood does, even under the bizarre circumstances created by Mr. Lewis. To most readers the Negro characters in the story will seem symbolic rather than real. But in spite of all this "Kingsblood Royal" will be widely read and discussed for a long, long time.

—J.F.M.



JUDGE LANDIS AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF BASEBALL. By J. G. Taylor Spink, T.Y. Crowell Co., N.Y. \$3.00

THE average baseball fan who has followed the sport for years is well aware of the influence wielded over the great American game by Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis. There are those who believe that the advent of Babe Ruth, as home run king, offset most of the jolt the game had received following the Black Sox scandal of 1919-20, but this reviewer prefers to believe that the ex-federal judge with the white, shaggy hair had as much to do with reviving faith in the game as the next guy.

The judge's biography, from baseball's standpoint, has been written by J. G. Taylor Spink whose name is also closely allied with the horsehide sphere. Mr. Spink is the publisher of *The Sporting News*, a weekly publication out of St. Louis, which means as much to the fans and players as Blackstone does to barristers.

In presenting the judge's career the author throws light on many events hitherto unknown to most of baseball's followers. He clarifies many of the intricate situations which have occurred during the past 30 years and which have been hazy in the minds of most bleacherites. The book includes interesting accounts of the Old Federal League's monopoly suit against the American and National Leagues, the "Sox" scandal, lesser near-scandals and other owner intrigues.

There have been many who thought the judge displayed too much officiousness while walking post over baseball, but on most occasions it was because people were attempting to use subterfuge. This always displeased him. He operated shrewdly from the baseball commissioner's chair and whenever there was a showdown between the club owners and Landis, the judge always emerged at right guide.

The author admits several brushes with the commissioner during his career, but if there was any cause for rancor, none is apparent in Mr. Spink's writing. He presents the judge as he knew him, in a frank, honest manner. His vernacular, that of a good baseball writer, makes this interesting biography easy reading. The book is a contribution to the history of baseball, and a valuable addition to anyone's sport shelf.

—S.D.G.

Paul's dark glasses protect his injured eyes from the bright California sunshine



Proposition for press agents

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Lees' 10 per-cent vision makes it impossible for him to read. Here he memorizes his lines by having Paulette Goddard read them to him

**Paul Lees' life
was tailor-made for movie
exploitation men**

WHENEVER a Hollywood talent scout discovers a potential star, the publicity men scurry into hiding under their own personal rocks until some unfortunate, unsuspecting colleague is caught sunning himself on the studio steps and assigned the trivial detail of converting the discovery into a box office attraction.

Usually it is not easy. There are angles to be thought up, stories to be twisted and invented, and smudges of glamour to be applied. But when a Paramount scout discovered Paul Lees, who was making an appearance on the Haven McQuarry broadcast, the publicity chores were the answer to a press agent's dream. Lees' adventures would rival the plot of almost any movie he might be cast in.

Five years ago Paul was a battered, half-blind mortar squad leader at Corregidor when the United States flag was hauled down and the Rising Sun took its place. Three years in Jap prison camps followed. His eyes which had been burnt by picric acid during the defense of the "Rock," suffered the lack of adequate medical care and resulted in almost complete blindness at the time of his rescue.

After his return to the States, proper medical treatment at the Naval Hospital in Long Beach, Calif., restored 10 per cent of his vision. While he was at the hospital Paul went out on a series of bond rallies and radio shows for the War Department. On one of these broadcasts he was spotted by a Paramount scout and his story followed the familiar pattern—a screen test and a contract.

In spite of the fact that he had never considered the acting profession, or had even tasted the usual amateur triumphs in grammar or high school, his screen career has been moving along in leaps and bounds. His 10 per cent vision does not enable him to read, but his lines are read to him until he commits them to memory. This approach was difficult but constant practice has developed his memory to a remarkable extent. After hearing the script once or twice and running through a brief rehearsal he is able to give a performance without blowing his lines.



TURN PAGE 63



Betty Norton, Paul's pretty nurse, later became his wife

The former Marine went to work as soon as he arrived on the Paramount lot where he was assigned to roles in "Suddenly It's Spring," "Blaze of Noon" and the 36-star "Variety Girl." Recently he graduated to leading roles, starring in two Technicolor featurettes, "Smooth Sailing" and "Midnight Serenade."

Lees was born in Pratt, Kan., on January 14, 1921. While he was still a youngster his family moved to New Mexico, where he later attended high school and junior college at Santa Fe. His mother, a widow, teaches voice and piano at the University of New Mexico.

Paul's diversified activities during summer vacation travels included boxing and singing. He sang in small night clubs in Chicago, Kansas City and Hollywood, and as an amateur boxer he won the West Coast Welterweight title in 1937. The opportunity to travel lured him into the Marine Corps and he enlisted in Denver in 1939. After a year of DI-ing at San Diego he was transferred to the famed Fourth Marine Regiment, then stationed in Shanghai.

Paul put his boxing skill to good use after his arrival in China and made a name for himself with bouts in nearly all the ports along the China coast and Kobe, Japan. He turned professional while still in the Corps and won the Middleweight Championship of the Orient in 1940.

During his stay in China, Lees played a starring role in a real life drama which caused further tension in our already strained relations with Japan. He was a driver for one of the Fourth's officers, and on a trip through a crowded Shanghai street he ran down and killed a Japanese Navy commander. The Japs made a great ado over the affair and demanded retribution. Although Lees was unaware that he had injured anyone, he was soon sweating out a general court-martial on a manslaughter charge. The prosecution was unable to prove any

negligence on his part, and he was completely exonerated.

Shortly after the accident Paul and the rest of the Fourth were transferred to the Philippines, and when Bataan fell, the Marines became a part of the beleaguered forces defending Corregidor. Lees' outfit set up their mortars on the Bataan side of the Malinta Hill and soon became engrossed with the serious task of lobbing their shells across the bay to the attacking forces' positions. "We knew we didn't stand a chance," Paul said, "but the possibility of rescue kept us going."

While helping to defend the "Rock," Lees and his buddies acquired a 50-cal. machine gun, and

Corregidor to the Japs, Lees was transferred to the Philippines' Pasay Prison Camp, which later became noted as the scene of many Japanese brutalities. "Our guards were a special naval unit," Paul said, "and they were out to make a name for themselves. At regular times they would pick at random a dozen or so men and take them out in the stockade and beat them unmercifully. Paul's eyes already damaged by acid burns, became badly infected, and, because of his condition, an American doctor was able to get him transferred to the comparatively easier Bilibid prison. Lees put in over a year at Pasay and is one of the few survivors, still living, of that horrible camp.

Two years later Paul was released when the 37th Division captured Bilibid. He weighed only 87 pounds at the time.

Today, he is a lithe, well-built chap, who, except for his eyes, shows little effect of the working over he received from the Japs during his long internment. About five feet ten inches in height, he has the graceful carriage and the springy step of a boxer: His features are unmarked, which speak well for his boxing skill, and he still enjoys a rugged workout in the studio gymnasium. His other interests are guitar-playing and "good" swing music.

Like most former Marines, Lees is proud of his service in the Corps. In one of his more recent films, "Midnight Serenade," the script called for a flashback, where Paul, in Army uniform, was

watching a night club floor show. "I couldn't see playing the part of a GI after being a Marine," Paul grinned, "so I beat my gums to the director until he consented to change the script. I got a big charge out of doing it. The director knew damn well I would have played the part anyway, but he was a good Joe, and there was no strain to changing the part to a Marine."

Between his roles in various pictures, the versatile former Marine is busy writing a book about the old Fourth Regiment. Titled "Soochow, the Marine," the leading character in the book is the dog, "Soochow" famed regimental mascot. Lees hopes to make it a real Marine's book and many of the characters who made the Fourth such a fabulous and legendary outfit are included. Much of the book deals with Marine adventures and experiences in pre-war Shanghai, but accounts of the fighting in the Philippines and ordeals that followed in the Jap prison camps, are included.

Lees is grateful for the turn of events which finally landed him in Hollywood and is working hard to further his career. One of the things he does resent is the unfavorable publicity he has received in certain gossip columns and newspaper stories. Some writers have termed him the "most decorated enlisted man in the Marine Corps" which is absolutely false. "One guy even asked me how many Japs I killed while at Corregidor," Paul said. "That's like asking how many blades of grass you cut when you are mowing a lawn. I don't know and I told him that I didn't. The next day the papers carried a story that I personally killed over 200 Nips while on the Rock. Any Marine reading such an article knows how silly exaggerated statements like that are."

To make his real life story seem more like one of the roles he portrays in pictures, Lees married his nurse. She is pretty Betty J. Norton who worked for an eye specialist who treated Paul. Betty was the leading lady in a couple of westerns.

Paul is at the stage in his career now where he needs that one little break that means the difference between stardom and small parts. It might be a good idea for some writer to do a screen story on Lees' own life and let Lees play the lead. It would seem to be a natural.

END



This scene was written originally for Army characters, but Lees beat his gums to the director and the male roles were changed to Marines

made it effective during some of the earlier enemy air attacks. One day while Lees was standing his gun watch, General MacArthur visited the Marine's defensive position. "The Old Man stopped and asked me if he could fire the gun," Lees recalled, "and I told him to go ahead. He let go with a couple of bursts, and although I know damn well he didn't come anywhere near the Jap emplacements, we sure got a kick out of seeing him fire it."

When the American forces finally surrendered

Peggy Lee is Paul's leading lady in "Midnight Serenade," a Paramount color featurette



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